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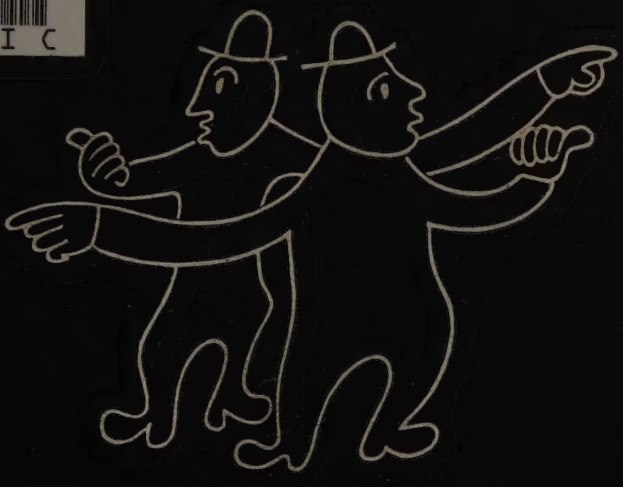

# WHITHER, WHITHER, OR AFTER SEX, WHAT?

# WHITHER, WHITHER, OR AFTER SEX, WHAT?

A Symposium to End Symposiums

EDITED BY
Walter S. Hankel

ILLUSTRATED BY
Bill Gropper

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I would to heaven that I were so much clay
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—
Because at least the past were pass'd away—
And for the future—(but I write this reeling
Having got drunk exceedingly today,
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)—
I say—the future is a serious matter—
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water!

LORD BYRON

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Jacob Bean, Professor of Whitherism, contributed the review questions at the end of each article and the scholarly interpretations of Mr. Gropper's profound sociological illustrations. It was he also who conducted the intelligence tests by which the contributors were selected.

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# WHITHER, WHITHER,
# OR AFTER SEX, WHAT?

## YOU : *A Foreword Written for the Reader*

In the closing years of the last century, when the Mississippi was already a river and growing ripe for Congressional investigation, I used to play along the banks of this same Mississippi, in the small village near Saint Louis which has definitely been established as my birth-place. Dreaming here by this mighty unmarried "father of waters," and lulled by the swish-swash of the transient side-wheel steamers, and by the swash-swish of the little wavelets issuing therefrom, I had ample occasion to learn the Lesson of the Current. The Lesson of the Current was, to put it in the simplest terms imaginable, that We are Drifting! From Whence, I would

ask myself, as I saw the vast processional of flotsam and jetsam and general dirtiness hurrying towards the for it uncharted South, the slowly turning mass of lonesome pines, chicken coops, pickaninnies, wagon wheels, and toyds anonymously drifting, drifting, without addresses, without name of sender, yet advancing as surely as though they were mailed and had been routed—From Whence, I would ask myself, and Into Whither. To the other boys, this miscellaneous matter upon the waters was hardly more than a disfigurement, a scum to be pushed aside with the toes when one went into the water for a refreshing swim. To me—and I hope the reader will not mistake my words for boasting, since they are certainly not intended as such—it meant nothing short of a Philosophy of History. It meant to me, putting it in the simplest terms imaginable, what Newton's Apple meant to Newton, or the Egg of Columbus meant to Columbus. I might even say that it was my Eureka—but Eureka means "I have found it," and alas!

what had I found? Simply that we are drifting, drifting. And thus, to call it my Eureka would be to say, "I have found that we are lost." Such toying with these serious matters is not to my liking, as anyone who has read my *Lost and Found in History* will well realize.

Suffice it to say that I grew up, as boys will; but all through the Dark Ages of my trying years as an itinerant seller of notions to small stores throughout the Middle West, I carried with me my Lesson of the Current. It was towards the end of this period, which I usually refer to as my Second Phase, that I met one who was to become the great novelist, Mr. Theodore Dreiser. Mr. Dreiser had not yet turned to Art, however. He was then selling sewing machines—and doing very well at it, by the way—and was at that time carrying on a correspondence with one who was then a young unpublished thinker, Edgar Lee Masters, who was, I believe, selling soap, and doing equally well. If I may say so without appearing to boast, Mr. Dreiser was greatly

impressed with my Lesson of the Current, which of course I told him as soon as we were through with the jokes. He said frankly that he "had been thinking in a blind way along these same lines" himself, and that my statement of the case had done much to clarify his own attitudes. I still remember with a glow his enthusiasm and generosity as he clapped me on the back and exclaimed: "By God, Walt, you are right! I never thought of it quite that way before, old man. But it is just as you say: we are drifting, drifting!"

Far be it from me to complain that he has later forgotten my part in the discovery of his philosophy. I am not the man to harbor grudges. As I wrote to Masters, with whom I subsequently corresponded, "If Theo thinks he found the Lesson out for himself, Eddy, then all the more power to him. I am not the man to harbor grudges." And for the reader, too, I wish to make the same statement. The Lesson is as much Dreiser's as mine. Even if I had not met him, the thing was in the air,

and he would have found it out in time for himself. But I simply happened to make his acquaintance when the sewing-machine business was at its peak, and he had not yet had the opportunity to think the whole thing out for himself. So let it be said for good and all: that the Lesson, as you find it so amply stated in the books of my former friend, Mr. Dreiser, is Mr. Dreiser's.

I give credit to Dreiser all the more willingly because, after all, our ways have parted. While he took up the Lesson from the standpoint of Beauty and Esthetic Lumber, I was concerned with its Social Implications. In time, after asking myself at intervals, "Whither, Whither?" I came to see that my problem could be advanced by one important step. Putting it in the simplest form imaginable, I saw that I could move forward from "The Future of the Present" to "The Future of Whitherism," and that mortal mind could go no farther. I readily recall the night, shortly after dinner one twelfth of June, though I have for-

gotten the year, when the full realization of my Lesson as a mission came over me. I was not excited. I simply continued to sit and think. But I knew that I had found a purpose. And this purpose was: *to make the world whither-conscious.* This was the birth of Whitherism proper, as distinguished from the Dreiserian and Mastersian Whitherisms.

I shall not complain of, nor even mention, the hardships, disease, discouragement, and derision I experienced during the next three or four decades, while laying my plans for a whither-conscious universe. But as time went on, I came to know one by one the men whom I wanted to join me in my venture. In some cases I was wrong. I misjudged, and I have paid for my errors. But now that my work is finally brought to fruition between the covers of the present beautifully printed volume, I do not care to recall this gloomy side of the matter. Would that even the slight mention I have made of it had remained unsaid. Suffice it to say that gradually I did succeed in as-

sembling a band of loyal Whitherists, who were pure enough to realize that I was not leading them for personal ends, and who agreed to collaborate with me in making a first-hand study of that obscurest of subjects, the Future. The present Symposium is offered as the result of our combined efforts.

A word on Whitherism. In this trying age, when no one can possibly take care of himself, when a person is nothing if not his neighbor's keeper, the Whitherist findings should be known at every hearthside, and every radiator side. It is the Whitherist, and the Whitherist alone, who can tell us just how the world is going to the dogs. Or again, Whitherism alone is qualified to inspire us with confidence in a brilliant future. To Whitherism we owe the discovery that the world must become either tremendously worse or tremendously better, for it is obvious that an interesting book could not be written around the idea that the world is staying pretty much the same. Indeed, to Whitherism we owe the still richer

discovery that the world is getting both tremendously worse *and* tremendously better. Whitherism, we might say, goes hand in hand with to-morrow. Yet in a survey made recently in the preparatory schools of Brooklyn, we found that only twenty-three (23) percent of the schoolchildren reported ever having heard of Whitherism! Are the minds of the younger generation to wither—or Whither?

You are about to be shown the work of the Twelve Apostles of Whitherism. They have, at my request, tried to express their ideas in the simplest terms imaginable, so that not only the youth of our day, but also their elders, would be able to understand them. They propose to tell you exactly where you are going —so that you can be sure to get there. For men are not like insects or like those dumb inanimate things I saw floating on the current years ago as I stood by the Mississippi on the right bank as you go towards New Orleans.[1]

[1] The reader is referred to the opening paragraph of this Foreword, et seq.

Men have minds, and these minds, if not properly guided, are capable of untold mischief. We cannot even be certain that the Inevitable will come to pass unless society can be taught what the Inevitable is to be. Once the Inevitable is made clear to society, on the other hand, society can then move towards it without the present deplorable conditions of pre-Whitherist bungling. The future, if properly coached, could be here tomorrow; but if it is allowed to shift for itself, we may slough around in the present for centuries.

In closing, I wish to acknowledge our collective indebtedness to such pioneering works as *Whither, Mankind* and *Towards Civilization,* issued under the editorship of our Whitherist colleague and former friend, Prof. Charles Beard, and to the many helpful volumes of the *Today and Tomorrow Series.* All the men represented in those books are bravely and uncompromisingly whither-conscious, and have lightened our labors considerably. We are glad to hail them as our allies in the difficult task

of making the future easy, and I should recommend their books as collateral reading to all students of Whitherism who might care to examine other works touching on this subject.

WALTER S. HANKEL

Minnetonk, 1928—Paris, 1930.

# LIBIDO : *or the Future of Debauchery*

By the Rev.* Corey Ford, D.D.**

## *An Awful Exposé of Some Yawning Caverns of Vice and Sin Toward Which Our Innocent Youth is Drifting*

(*Author's Acknowledgement:* For the startling and incredible facts contained in the following outspoken article, the Rev. Corey Ford, D.D., would like to express his indebtedness to that outstanding handbook on the subject of prostitution, vice and ruin entitled *Fighting the Debauchery of Our Boys and Girls:* An honest effort to tell Fathers and Mothers the Awful Truth—vividly portraying the cruel and inhuman treatment of girls by White Slavers—truthfully exposing the immoral conditions of many high schools and colleges—the insidious influence of bad movies—"Jazz" dancing—Automobile "Joy riding"—unspeakably vile stag parties, etc., etc.—How to combat these Awful forces of Sin—How to save your Girls—How to save your Boys! Fathers—Mothers—Awake!!!—edited by the Rev. Philip Yarrow, D.D., ably assisted by such special contributors as the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, the Rev. O. R. Miller, Supt.

* Rev.: Revolting.

** D.D.: Doctor of Debauchery.

New York Civic League, the Rev. John Roach Straton, Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D., of the International Reform Bureau, Wash., D. C., John S. Sumner, Sec. the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, etc., etc. Copyright, 1923, by Philip Yarrow.

**Fathers!** Mothers! Awake!!!

Everywhere the salacious theater, the vile magazine, the movie, destructive of all the finer emotions, the suggestive and filthy modern dances, the unchaperoned joyrides—these and other dangerous influences are proving disastrous to the future of our boys and girls! Each day our children's morals sink lower! Each hour Satan is recruiting more candidates for a career of ruin!

*We are on the skids!*

Degrading dances, movies in which are stressed salacious sex scenes, perverted bedroom farces in so-called standard theaters, and cabarets that constantly violate the laws of God

and man—these are dragging hundreds of girls down to a fate more dreadful than death!

A thousand and one harpies of the city's underworld lie in wait to attack and plunder the fair and virgin stranger, and after despoiling her of the flower of her innocence, to cast her aside for fresh victims.

Public dance halls—in which obscene jazz music and contaminating conduct are permitted—throw their doors wide open, and with beguiling melodies, bright lights and brilliant surroundings, lure young people on to moral disaster! Movie theaters have become plague spots of evil! Cabarets, or "cheaters clubs," with their illicit sale of liquor, their licentious exhibition of performers, and the gross indecencies of habitués, menace the moral well-being of unsuspecting youth. The soft-drink parlor, the automobile, the porch hammock —these are alike responsible for blighted hopes which once burned so brightly; for blasted lives which once were fired with ambition; for human wrecks which not so long

*PORTRAIT of the Rev. Ford in action. He is searching for immorality, and obviously he will find it. With the proper equipment, one can find immorality anywhere—and it is to be hoped that the young Whitherist will derive much help from the Rev. Ford's present article. Many men have looked into debauchery, but few have gone into this field so painstakingly, so methodically, we might even say so efficiently, as this courageous divine. He understands the value of the experimental method—and his studies have the warmth of one who has lived hand in glove with his subject.*

ago were girls as innocent as your own daughter!

*Whither are we drifting?*

Ere we consider one by one these vicious influences in modern life, let us first look into a few typical cases of girls who came to the city for employment, for romance, or for adventure, but whose pitiful experience culminated in disaster and despair. To be sure, we realize that the reader must loathe and abhor perusing these sad tales of debauchery and rape, replete as they are with every lurid detail of sin; but we feel it is his duty as a Christian soldier, just as it has been ours, to whip himself into reading the horrible evidence offered below. The editor and his associates have whipped *themselves* into reading thousands and thousands of similar cases; and it is only by following this duty conscientiously every day, and usually most of the night, that we have been enabled to comprehend the true conditions prevalent today.

As our first example of Why Girls Go Wrong, let us examine the lurid career of young Hazel M—, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M—. Hazel joined the bustling crowd of a Saturday night, and soon found herself face to face with a young man who smiled at her. Unaccustomed to guile, she says, she smiled back, and he then invited her up to his apartment to view his stamp collection.

Inside his "flat," she told police later, he took off his coat and vest and hung them over a chair, while at his suggestion she innocently removed her shoes and let down her hair a little. He then turned on the radio, while she amused herself with some back numbers of *The National Geographic.* It is impossible to say how far matters might have progressed, had not a sudden knock sounded on the door, and a moment later a Captain of Police burst into the room. The Captain took one glance at the untidy bureau drawers, the neckties hanging over the reading lamp, the unmade bed, and the cigarette butts everywhere, and

promptly arrested the young man on the charge of owning a disorderly flat.

The frightened young girl was returned to her sorrowing parents, and thus one more white slave was rescued from the very jaws of sin.

Still another horrible example of the sinister traps which await the innocent girls of today is the sordid case of Kittie E—. While returning home one evening, poor Kittie was accosted by a large, florid matron of uncertain years, richly attired in furs and jewels and heavily perfumed, who leaned out of her luxuriously appointed limousine and explained to the bewildered girl that she was her long lost Aunt Emma, and that she wanted Kittie to come along and meet Cousin Charlie. Inasmuch as Kittie had never had an Aunt Emma, she was not a little puzzled; but, somewhat overcome at being singled out by a woman of such apparent wealth, she at length consented to accompany her "Aunt," and in a few minutes was whirled to an imposing looking apart-

ment-building on the boulevard, outside of which many cars were parked. The interior of this house was elaborately decorated with velvet and plush. Here the unfortunate young girl was induced to exchange her clothes for gay lingerie and high-priced chiffon hose, to paint and rouge her lips, and bob her hair, after which she was introduced to "Cousin Charlie," who gave her a glass of lemonade into which had been poured a liberal "shot" of dry gin. The fumes of the liquor, coupled with "Cousin Charlie's" tight embrace, she said, caused strange sensations to creep over her, till she threw off all restraint and, with wild abandon, plunged giddily into the sensual pleasure of a jazz dance. At the conclusion of this lewd dance she knew no more, except possibly about "Cousin Charlie."

The following night her "Aunt" introduced her to another young man named "Cousin Elmer," and the following night she met "Cousin Harry" and "Cousin Pete." Her suspicions were aroused, she told police later,

and after meeting twenty-three more "Cousins" during the ensuing week, she resolved at last to look into these family relations more closely. Imagine her chagrin to discover upon investigation that her supposed "Aunt Emma" was really the matron of a house of shame! The poor young girl of course was rescued in the nick of time; but her narrow escape remains as a terrible example to other girls more credulous than she.

Yet even more tragic is the sad tale of Loretta R—, the pretty daughter of the Rev. R—, D.D., a prominent Methodist minister and author of numerous volumes such as this, depicting the evils of modern youth. For years Dr. R— had warned his daughter of the dangers of movies, jazz dancing, "petting parties" and the like; yet the more he described these dens of vice, the more dissatisfied Loretta appeared. At length, happening upon a sermon which her father had prepared describing a certain notorious palace of pleasure on —— Street, with its wicked lures to tempt girls

down the road to ruin, the curious young Loretta arrayed herself in borrowed finery and, without telling her parents, slipped out to the forbidden cabaret. Here she feverishly entered into the spirit of the evening, until at length she was "cut in" on by a handsome stranger with raven black beard and dark blue spectacles, who was attired in neatly fitting clothes and danced the new steps gracefully. After being plied with wine which poor Loretta erroneously assumed, under Prohibition, would be non-alcoholic, her brain became fuddled and she grew utterly abandoned to her passions, and allowed herself to be led into a small adjoining room with bolted door.

"Now, my pretty one," hissed the stranger in a low voice, "I am going to kiss you!"

At that the frightened girl regained her senses, all too late, and sought in vain to struggle from his clinging embraces. As his burning lips pressed nearer, she remembered too late her Father's warnings, and in despair moaned aloud: "Oh, would that my Father were here

*A PICTURE of a girl with a chucked-under chin, and a somewhat eager lad with a chin-chucking finger. It is a humiliating experience which has happened to practically every man. It usually leads to the curtain, and the second act. The Reverend Ford is rightly apprehensive lest our legislators, in their materialistic concern with tariffs and lobbies and disarmament treaties, forget their more spiritual obligations and neglect to enact adequate laws for the stamping out of chin-chucking. As a result, the chin-chuck has been left in a state of almost total anarchy, and if it weren't for the interference of private enterprise would probably have been carried to untold lengths. But, find the man who at some time in his career has not been a hero, and find the hero who would chin-chuck, or allow others to chin-chuck. Thus, the male sex has fought against itself, and in an individualistic sort of way has managed to keep chin-chucking within bounds, somewhat as the supply of hard-shell crabs is kept down by the fact that these crabs are at certain times soft-shell crabs and many in this stage of their upbringing are eaten by their fellow crabs who happen at the moment to have hard shells. The artist at our request has also tried to make it obvious that the Rev. Ford has had a very happy life.*

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now to save me! I shall never go astray again!"

At that the stranger smiled and removed his black whiskers and glasses, and as the astonished girl blinked her eyes, he said gently, "I am your father, my child, and I have saved you from a career worse than death. Let this awful night be a lesson to you. Do not again forsake the Christian life, for *the primrose path of dalliance leads but to ruin and disgrace!*" And gathering his weeping daughter tenderly in his arms, he carried her back to her home, where she is now safe forever from the temptation and allurement of modern jazz!

These terrible stories of disgrace and ruin illustrate clearly the dangerous tendencies of our age. Steadily and surely the morals of America are declining. The over-stimulation of the sex impulse, everywhere prevalent in literature, the movies, the theater, the dance, and the other social customs, is proving disastrous to unnumbered thousands of our boys

and girls. America is entering into a period of moral decadence. MOTHERS—FATHERS—AWAKE!!!

In order to determine the various causes of this increasing wave of sin, therefore, let us now look more closely into the evils of the modern theater, the movies, the jazz dancing and cabarets and automobiles. Let us seek the remedies for these degraded customs, ere we, like poor Loretta, awake to find ourselves moaning in despair: "Would someone were here to save us now! We shall never go astray again!"

First and perhaps most insidious of all these crimes is the modern theater, whose stage is obviously set for hell. Here moral filth and sensual exhibits are daily contaminating the home. Indecencies, vulgarities, nudities and mockeries of sacred institutions abound in the base spectacle. Chorus girls parade down the aisle on raised platforms over the heads of leering men in their seats. Displays of fleshy debauch, of semi-nudeness, barefoot dancing

with naked limbs being shown through transparent nets, and filthy songs, repulsively lewd, are typical of the corrupt stage of to-day. In one show (which the author has seen eleven times) a woman reclines at full length, with her back to the audience, nude as far as the author's eye can see, except for a diaphanous veil that emphasizes rather than hides the display. And after each such show there is usually a drunken and debased midnight orgy at some unspeakable Hotel, from which the path leads only to the dark river, cruel yet comforting in its death because it buries the miseries of these degraded girls—the gold of a promising life transmuted by the alchemy of the modern theater into the mire of a river bottom!

"The very date of this writing," declares Dr. Yarrow in his impressive volume, "I pick up this morning's newspaper, and what do I see? Advertisements whose appeal is not to dramatic art but to sensualities: *Girls, Peaches, Belles,* and *Follies!* Yes! all follies! No sane, instructive, happy domestic or honest drama

of the 'Old Homestead' or of the Dickens or Hawthorne type. Absent—the dramas of real life with its mother-love, sister's virtues, and parables of country life and 'home, sweet home.' Instead they play down to the lower nature, down to death and hell, with *girls, girls, girls!*"

Nor is the legitimate stage—if indeed it can be so called—alone responsible. That the movies are reeking likewise to-day with unspeakable vice cannot be denied. Gambling and betting, fighting, stealing, smoking, drinking, birth, love, marriage, sex and other modern perversions are all depicted on the immoral screen. Indecent lack of dress almost amounting to nudity; the clinging vamp with her animal appeal; the human brute taking all but the last step in mad lust; the oily tongue and passionate embrace of the lecherous rake; the long-drawn-out hugging and kissing scenes, disrobing and bedroom exhibits of vile filth—is it any wonder that many a girl is thereby led toward the maternity house in her middle

teens, that many a hitherto pure boy is transformed into a lustful beast?

Nor are the magazines and periodicals printed in this country free from this same taint of immorality. Lewd pictures and stories about sex, instances of the eternal triangle, stories that actually mention marriage and childbirth, all these are allowed to find their way into our very homes, poisoning our girls and boys with their foul pollutions. The following letter which I received recently from a High School student is an example of the awakening conscience of youth to these shocking conditions:

"I have just read an article by you in which you mention that salacious magazines, smutty stories and obscene picture-postcards can be obtained at numerous places in this country. I wish you would send me the addresses of a few of these places, so that I may study these obscene publications and pictures you speak of, and thus acquaint myself with the dangers of this form of literature."

Needless to say, a complete list of addresses was forwarded to this young correspondent

without delay, and I have no doubt we have thus enlisted one more earnest little soldier of righteousness on our side.

Still another diabolic modern invention which contributes a menace to the moral life of the young is that "brothel on wheels," the automobile. The speed of these contraptions, the consequent accessibility of roadhouses, the excitement of the ride, the intimate contact of the back seat—all these serve to lead the boys and girls over the brink. Often they will halt their car by the side of the road, turn out the lights, and thus transform this well-meant invention into a veritable old-time red light district. *THE AUTOMOBILE MUST GO!*

As an instance of the tragedies which attend this curse of modern civilization, take the sad case of Fannie K—, a young factory girl who was offered a ride in a sleek roadster by a handsome stranger. After driving Fannie twenty miles from home, the car halted and the stranger made an indecent proposal. When Fannie refused, he stated that she must either

comply with his wishes or walk back the twenty miles. Obviously poor Fannie, tired out after a hard day's work in the factory, had but one choice. Imagine her chagrin, moreover, when, upon starting the car an hour later, they discovered that they were out of gas, and as a result she was forced to walk back the twenty miles anyway.

In addition to the automobile and the movies, another source of vice which sooner or later must go is the cigarette. During the past few years the searchlight of truth has been focused upon the demon Alcohol. It has been found a criminal and a deceiver, and now by the work of the loyal Methodists it stands before the bar of justice—*condemned!* Yet the use of tobacco is assuming such proportions, and evidently giving such widespread pleasure, that by the same token it also must go. Every effort is being made to-day by the Church to undo the sale of cigarettes altogether. The time is coming when, like liquor, tobacco will be forbidden, the cigarette smoker

will be regarded as the helpless fiend he is, and we Methodists will have placed one more Prohibition Amendment in the Constitution. It is only in this way that our youth can be saved.

Yet all these evils which we have condemned here are as naught compared with the final device of Satan: Jazz Dancing. "Dancing, as it is indulged in to-day," says Dr. Yarrow, "is a greater menace than liquor, greater than vice or brothels." With its sensual noises—disorderly, jangling, sex-irritating noises—modern jazz seems to cry aloud of the bawdy houses where it arose and whence it received its suggestive name; and the dances which it encourages, with lights dimmed and the intoxicating strains of the jazz band promoting lewd actions, can only have one unmentionable result. Read the hideous list of modern dances: *French Can-Can, Tango Dip, Bear Cat, Rocking Horse Gallop, Bunny Hug, Skunk Waltz, Whirling Swing, Gaby Glide, Wriggly Worm, Kitchen Sink, Shimmy Shivers, Cheek-to-Cheek, Grizzly Grapple* and *Mucilage Glide,*

and picture the fitting motions they suggest. Surely these very names speak for themselves!

"When a man tells me he can put his arm around a radiant woman," declared Dr. John Roach Straton in Dr. Yarrow's estimable book, "draw her body to his own, with her red cheek against his cheek, and her breasts pressed to his bosom, and her limbs intertwined with his, and the aroma of her hair in his nostrils—when a man tells me he can take such a position as that, and still say that he has no improper thoughts, and that his God-given procreative powers are not unduly excited, then I say to him: 'I do not dispute you. I do not question your veracity or your morals. I simply say, God pity you!' "

But come, my friends! See! On this scarlet ballroom floor the boys and girls of our nation are now assembling for the Dance of Death! Come closer! The jazz orchestra is playing! Hey, hey! See them dancing together, the burnt-out *roué*, the fresh young ingenue, the pure high school athlete, pride of our land,

with his lips glued to a common prostitute! On with the dance! Ta da, ta da, ta da! Front to front—cheek to cheek—arms around necks —such disgusting familiarities have never before been exhibited in any American amusement place! One two, one two! Progressing scarcely twenty feet on the floor during the entire dance with shameless profligacy, wriggle and writhe, rub and twist, toddle and shimmy, working themselves up to a frenzy of sex excitement until the desired depth of sensual exhibits is reached, and the author of this article is carried out in an almost fainting condition! What folly for a nation to permit the flower of its youth to be thus destroyed! "When," demands Dr. Yarrow, "when will the government shield and protect its youth with as much care as it extends to its hogs?"

This debauchery must be banished! The modern dance, with its jazz orchestra and obscene steps, must be outlawed by law! We need still another Amendment to the Constitution! *MOTHERS! FATHERS! AWAKE!!!*

Whither are we drifting?

Our course, alas! is all too clear. To the enlightened Methodist ministers, to the reformers who, like the Anti-Saloon League, are "born of God," there is only one explanation of all this debauchery and degeneracy: our youth is headed for vice and ruin and death! Damnation and disgrace! We must act at once, ere it is too late!

Obviously our course is clear. Already we have met the demon Rum, and by a bitter struggle we have conquered him forever. This has shown us how we may save our boys and girls of the future. Just as we passed an Eighteenth Amendment abolishing liquor, so let us now proceed in like manner against these other devices of the devil.

Let us pass a Twentieth Amendment abolishing the theater.

Let us pass a Twenty-first Amendment abolishing the movies.

Let us pass a Twenty-second Amendment abolishing magazines!

Let us pass a Twenty-Third Amendment abolishing automobiles!

Let us pass a Twenty-Fourth Amendment abolishing tobacco!

Let us pass a Twenty-Fifth Amendment abolishing dancing!

Nor let us falter here, my friends! Let us continue in this manner. Let us abolish, one by one, all the other various items which contribute to vice and ruin. Let us outlaw, in turn, airplanes, sidewalks (where so much common soliciting still occurs), beds, lipsticks, lingerie, garters, and other appliances of the devil. Let us prohibit, likewise, birth, love and marriage! As long as we remain organized, as long as the Methodists and their colleagues present a united front, we have the power of the country in our hands—the power, you understand, to protect and save! The future of our boys and girls is at stake! Shall we falter. Fathers, Mothers, Church-Goers? No! A thousand Noes! If these other devices fail let us take the final step! Let us get rid, by

law, of the greatest source of evil of them all.

Let us abolish sex!

Then, and then only, the future of our boys and girls will be assured!

## QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS

Name off-hand three dangerous Speakeasies where they give Nakedshows.

What did the Rev. Ford—and everybody else—learn at an early age?

Why should a virtuous young girl always carry gasoline?

Why should you shudder at the thought of debauchery? (Note: As this is an unusually difficult question, the student should be allowed at least half an hour to think up an answer.)

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

THE ECCLESIASTIC career of that outstanding American reformer, the Rev. Corey Ford, D.D., is a shining example of the virtues of diligence, patience, faith, hope, charity, and a scrupulous study of the moral principles of Bishop James

Cannon, Clarence True Wilson, John S. Sumner, the Methodist Board of Prohibition, Temperance and Public Morals, and *The Merriwell Boys at Yale.*

From earliest childhood, Dr. Ford seemed fitted for the cloth. To be sure, he hit the bottle pretty much as a baby, and, at this unenlightened age, he was sometimes known to his parents and nurse as a "wet"; but as he grew older, he overcame these evil tendencies. By following the precepts of previous moral leaders, and denouncing anyone who agreed with him as being sinful and bigoted and evil-minded, he has consequently achieved the enviable position of having no faults whatsoever, and thus has been enabled to discuss the faults of everyone else.

Dr. Ford's interest in reform began at a tender age. While still in grammar school, he commenced going to burlesque shows, lewd carnivals and obscene theatrical exhibitions. As his interest in this career deepened, he also began to send away for French magazines, snappy periodicals and treatises on sex; and in addition he would fill out all the little coupons in the back of the *Police Gazette* and like periodicals, at great sacrifice of time and expense, and receive in exchange (to his obvious dis-

gust) sets of dirty postal cards, photographs of nudes, and other *objets d'art.* By constant study of these materials, he was thus able to build up a background which has aided him greatly in his religious work, and his collection today is said to be comparable to the *erotica* assembled by such outstanding students of pornography as Mr. Sumner and Senator Smoot. In addition, this conscientious divine has even gone to the extent of performing a number of personal experiments in the subject of sex in an effort to obtain first-hand knowledge of the dangers besetting our Youth today; and it is due to this long course of study and self-sacrifice that he owes his preëminent knowledge of vice and sin today.

In addition to the chapter in Debauchery which the good Doctor has contributed to this volume, the Rev. Ford is the author of many other treatises and discussions of moral turpitude, including: *Youth: Where Art Thou Drifting?; Our Unmarried Mothers; We Are On the Skids; Three Evils: Drink, Smoke, and Sex; No Nudes are Good Nudes* and *The Holy Bible,* the modern Methodist version of an old-fashioned and obsolete book of the same name. —*Ed.*

## WASTE : *or the Future of Prosperity*

Were we to say to the prospective reader of this article: "The world is fast going to the dogs," he would promptly answer, "I knew it." And on the other hand, were we to tell our prospective reader: "Buy U. S. Steel; things are getting better every day," he would as promptly answer, "I knew it." So we are in the rather tough position of being old stuff either way. And in three sentences we are already up against a burning modern problem. How can the flower of art be expected to grow out of such industrial weediness? How can the thinker command

NOTE: *This essay is dedicated to Mr. Henry Ford, who is planning to spend a hundred million dollars on our education. Would that we had as much to spend on his.*

respect among his contemporaries, if there is always some damned Tom, Dick, and Harry to agree with him no matter which side he takes? We sometimes feel that any problem pales in comparison with this. But let us look further.

Looking further, what do we find? Only recently it has been proved by laboratory experiments that over nine-tenths of the inhabitants of this earth are below the average in intelligence! Again, it is a notorious fact that the poisons in alcohol are becoming inferior and inefficient. Owing to this degeneration in our prohibition technique, people who might have been killed, or at least blinded, by a single drink are now able to punish the vile stuff for years without any great ill effect. This fact, besides encouraging the drinker who was already abandoned to his drug, serves to weaken the morale of that part of the public which formerly abstained. Even the most arrant dries are coming to believe in the uncanny power of the bootlegger to take the deadliness out of rotgut without destroying its bouquet.

We might list, on a similar subject, the weakening of restrictive psychology on the part of large corporations. Consider for instance the dispute of last year as to the policy of the Childs' restaurants! When the vegetarians were ousted, the new management, which reverted to meats on the menu, declared their belief in letting the public eat what it chose. If the public wants meat, said the management in *vers libre,* the public can have meat. It is more than discouraging to realize that the representative of so widespread a chain of restaurants as Childs' (better known in select circles as the Café des Enfants) would subscribe to such subversive doctrines. If the head of a chain of restaurants doesn't eat meat, he should see to it that nobody eats meat. That is sound, and it is ethical. And we are pleased to note that the high moral fiber of Mr. Henry Ford, at least, has not yielded. He doesn't drink, and by God he'll see that nobody else drinks until he does.

It has even been claimed that there is a ris-

ing curve in the theft of Gideon Bibles from the rooms of even the best hotels! It is pitiful to speculate as to how many people's return to religion is thus marked at the very outset by a crime!

Things were bad enough when people were moving from the country to the city. But now that people are also moving from the city to the country, the problem becomes doubly grave. This dual exodus is an as yet unsolved menace. For we have two great unadjusted bodies in our population, the country people who have come to the city but are unfamiliar with the ways of city living, and the city emigrants who are unfamiliar with the ways of country living. Our greatest hope here obviously lies in the power of education. Talkies presenting the various local problems and their solutions graphically can doubtless be a great influence for good, and a government commission has already been appointed by President Hoover to examine the matter and report that everything is all right.

An undeniable cause for uneasiness, however, arises from the growing cynicism among advertising agents. In fact, all our citizens who are engaged in the various branches of selling things to their fellows show signs of fast losing their finest faith in the gospel of service. How can a man continue to recommend the purchase of a new can opener, how can he put this product over nationally with all the fire that is in him, when he doubts the value of this commodity and thinks that people are fools to buy it? Simply because he may have tried the can opener and found it worthless, he becomes sophisticated, and cynical. Only by the hasty restoring of the highest Christian ideals could a weakening in the drive of sales promotion be avoided, and the production of our factories be maintained at high pitch.

And what serious student of our culture can fail to view with alarm the gradual disappearance of success courses? Until a few years ago, the curve of the number and price of these success courses was gratifyingly on the rise.

But lately, even prior to the stock market crash, the trend had distinctly changed for the worse. Part of the difficulty is undeniably due to certain mathematicians, who proved that it is impossible for more than seventeen men to get from canal boy to president during a single man's lifetime. As this lowered the individual citizen's hopes considerably, people began for the first time to feel that the chances were against them. The figures clearly meant that there was a chance for only about one man out of ten million. True, everybody feels that he is one in ten million, but in a more idealistic way. Another great blow to the "canal boy to president" Weltanschauung was dealt by the rapid disappearance of canals. Which is the greater reason for our backing, to a man, the Hoover project for the widening of the Saint Lawrence.

In his introduction to *Whither Mankind*, the companion volume to this present inquiry, the Whitherist Dr. Charles A. Beard lists many of the grave problems besetting modern society. He sees the West pitted against the East,

Nordics against Latins, capital against labor, Catholics against Protestants, industrialists against agriculturalists. Thus we behold a world torn with mutually antagonistic antagonisms. As a matter of fact, colleague Beard might have added the deep emotional gulf which psychologists have found separating the extrovert and the introvert. And again, endocrinologists disclose vast differences in temper and conduct among people of different glandular make-up. Carried to its logical extreme, there is fratricide lurking in the basic opposition of hyperthyroids and hyperthymics. These many forms of struggle, separating mankind from itself, are bad enough; but there is a still more ominous problem involved in the enmity of these various groups. Consider a battle in which the foes are unable to identify one another—consider the mystic terror of a battle in the blackness of pitch-black night! A Protestant knows, to be sure, that the proper object of his hatred is a Catholic. While God's in his heaven, the Protestant will know this

clearly and firmly. The Nordic can without the least confusion hate the Latin. The Occidental has many helpful essayists and editorial writers to guide him in cordially hating the Oriental. The laborite is adequately schooled to hate the capitalist. And so on.

But consider this struggle in its full complexity. Who, for instance, is the logical opponent of a hyperthyroid, introverted, Nordic, Catholic capitalist! If we have a Latin agriculturalist and a Nordic agriculturalist, do they hate each other because one is Nordic and the other Latin, or are they cronies because they are both agriculturalists? The complexities of this problem are seen to be endless, and are multiplied enormously each time a savant finds some new division of classes. As a result, the individual is left hopelessly confused, burning with a thousand class conflicts, yet unable to give expression to any one of them because of the overlapping of these classes! An honest man, with sound potentialities for hatred, he is entangled in a web of mutually conflicting

hatreds and alliances which is really much worse than the simple—and almost wholesome!—group conflicts outlined by our fellow-Whitherist, Dr. Beard.

The situation offers explanation enough for the growing incidence of insanity and nervous collapse among our more conscientious citizens. It also explains those terrific explosions of unqualified venom which result, say, when a man bumps his shin against a rocking chair in the dark. For here the full force of his pent-up hatred can be released. Be he a Nordic or a Latin, an agriculturalist or an industrialist, an Oriental or an Occidental, he can hate this chair with simple frenzy. Our hyperthyroid, introverted, Nordic, Catholic capitalist can despise this chair from any angle. And one who has heard oaths under such circumstances coming out of the dark can realize now why the vile-tongued possessor of the injured shinbone spoke with the fury of a dozen men. He *was* a dozen men—and he had bumped a dozen shins. Must we not, then, tremble to think of

that day when the issues in this world become similarly clarified, when all the world is divided into two simple groups of the Chairs and the Shins!

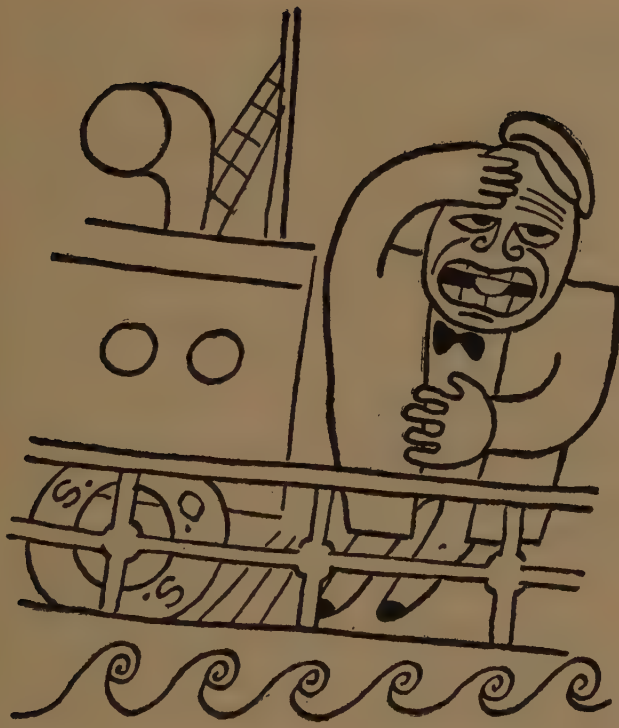
In the light of such considerations are we discouraged? Are we to resign ourselves to despair? Why not look about us further, we thought on reaching this point in our essay, to see if there is another side to this picture? And on so looking we found good reason to face the future with confidence. At this point we wish to pay a tribute to the firm guidance, the calm spiritual encouragement of Mr. Macaulay, our publisher. For when we had begun to despair, he reminded us that our contract did not permit us to despair. So we looked again, and on looking again, we found ample cause for hope.

We should insist first of all on the great encouragement to be derived from that primal law of history: the worse the better. Those who find things unbearable should welcome this condition as the surest sign of relief, for a social ill is never rectified until it has grown to

such proportions that nobody can possibly stand it any longer. This fact alone would be enough to make us welcome any suppurating social fester with confidence, knowing that it needs but the poultice of an appropriate slogan to bring it to a head.

A more positive cause for hope, however, indeed the *one overwhelming undeniable and irrefutable cause for hope,* lies in the doctrines of Mr. Henry Ford. The salvation of the world lies in the prosperity of increased production and consumption. More and more every year, under the guidance of Mr. Ford, our people are being taught to buy what they don't need and replace it before it is worn out. When this process of education is complete, we may hope to see erected the most prosperous civilization in the history of man. To Mr. Henry Ford we owe the discovery that our noblest national prosperity depends upon attaining the maximum rate of destruction of our national resources. The more we learn to use what we do not need, the greater our consumption; the

*ILLUSTRATING the Doctrine of the Economic Value of Waste as interpreted by its opponents. They hold that the doctrine leads to a kind of economic indigestion, somewhat like the Railing Disease that affects travelers at sea. But the weakness of their argument is in their inability to realize that the Railing Disease is but a passing illness, and disappears entirely when one comes into Quarantine.*



greater our consumption, the greater our production; and the greater our production, the greater our prosperity.

This discovery of Mr. Henry Ford's should be called the Theory of the Economic Value of Waste. If people can be educated to the full realization of their function as wasters, if they can be taught to throw things away before they are worn out, the demand for these discarded commodities will be enormously increased, and our rate of production can be doubled, tripled, quadrupled, what you will. If people can be taught to waste enough, they can be kept busy for at least eighteen hours a day replacing the wasted commodities. By this system, business *need never face a saturation point. For though there is a limit to what a man can use, there is no limit whatever to what he can waste.* The amount of production possible in a properly wasteful society is thus seen to be enormous.

Through Mr. Ford's discovery we have come to see that culture resides, not in leisure, but in

work. The antiquated belief that there is any pleasure in a spare moment, a belief which was ruinous to the best interests of our full industrial flowering, has been exploded. It is an exploded belief. We realize now that culture resides in *prosperity*, that prosperity is the outgrowth of *production*, that production can only follow *consumption*, that the maximum consumption is made possible by the maximum possible *waste*, and therefore that *culture depends upon a maximum of waste*. (At least until there is nothing more to waste.)

"The old Periclean law," says our fellow-Whitherist, Mr. Julius Klein, "gave each Athenian the right to own five slaves. It has been calculated that every inhabitant of the United States has to-day at his disposal the power equivalent of 150 slaves." All he has to do is see to it that these slaves don't do him out of a job. *We have simply to make sure that the increase in the number of labor-saving devices does not shorten the hours of labor*. Thus, when a man is thrown out of work by the in-

troduction of a new machine for the manufacture of a necessary article, we must set him to work manufacturing some article hitherto unnecessary. If all our people are to be kept straining at their jobs, the duty of the public as wasters becomes obvious. The system is simple: one man's extra radio is another man's bread. It is as clear as the nose on Mr. Ford's face.

But by expanding this principle, we find even greater encouragement. For long we have worried about war, driven by a pre-industrial feeling that war is the enemy of mankind. But by the theory of the economic value of waste we find that war is the basis of culture. War is our great economic safety-valve. For if waste lets up, if people simply won't throw out things fast enough to create new needs in keeping with the increased output under improved methods of manufacture, we always have recourse to the still more thorough-going wastage of war. An intelligently managed war can leave whole nations to be rebuilt, thus pro-

viding work at peak productivity for millions of the surviving population.

Production can be further increased, however, by developing better methods of deterioration. This aspect of industry is still in its infancy, but its first baby steps have undeniably been taken. Let us consider some of the progress already made in our better grasp of deterioration as an aid to prosperity, and thus indirectly to culture. Before the modern era, the attempt was made to invent a razor blade that would be durable and permanently efficient, outlasting year after year of stubborn stubble. *Now* experts with the good of the country at heart are seriously at work upon the problem of producing a blade which will afford one perfect shave and then completely refrain, being henceforth not even good for corns. As the consumption and production of blades is mounting into staggering figures, it is to these rapidly deteriorating blades that we owe the creation of hundreds of thousands of hours of unnecessary labor. Whole country-

sides have been fed on razor blades. To make the matter graphic: in the Dark Ages a man bought one razor in a lifetime; under the new system, he practically buys a new razor once a week.

Similarly, we may look forward to the day when the automobile is properly adapted to modern needs. And when this Automobile of the Future becomes a reality, what will we have? Not our present economically cumbersome mechanism, which lies about the market sometimes for a whole decade, and often still gives service in some art colony. No, the Car of the Future will give super-performance for twelve months, attaining speeds three times the maximum limit permitted by any state in the union; it will be as sensitive to the touch, as responsive, as a thoroughbred, or a sweetheart—and yet this perfection will not be a menace to our prosperity, for of a sudden, at the end of the twelve months, preferably at the time of the Annual Automobile Show, this car will fall into a thousand pieces, a kind of

Eighty-One Horse Shay. It will thus be removed from the market forever.

Likewise in the building trade a higher moral tone is being manifested. The large contractor is coming to consider not only his own interests, but the interests of industry in general. As one big man in this business, when discussing our improved commercial ethics, expressed the situation to me: "We contractors, we architects and engineers, are coming to be moved by one firm, undeviating principle: this principle is that the man who builds a skyscraper to last for more than forty years is a traitor to the building trade." At present, he said, the full effects of this morality were still obscured, as most of the buildings had not been standing long enough, and some of the earlier ones were built before business had developed its present conscience. But in time these effects will come to make themselves felt, beginning probably with detached pieces of the cornice.

We shall cite but two other important causes

of hope for our culture of mounting production: restriction of immigration, and the increase of divorce. By limiting immigration we prevent great hordes from sharing in the prosperity of production, while still permitting them to share in our consumption. This avoids somewhat the present difficulty of a nation's getting prosperous by selling to itself. The increase of divorce is to be heralded because it generally involves buying two sets of furniture where one had served before. We might say with authority that the hopes of further expansion in the lumbering industry depend directly upon our prospects of a steadily rising divorce rate.

It must, by this time, have become obvious to all right-thinking persons that no system of maximum prosperity is possible without eliminating the use of water for drinking purposes. The amount of labor that goes into the production and supplying of water is lower than that required for any other beverage. A man who drinks five glasses of water a day

is in practice conducting a war of extermination upon all dairymen, soda-jerkers, and bootleggers. If the population could be educated to consume this same amount of liquid per day under some manufactured form, the consumption of manufactured beverages would immediately be increased over a thousand per cent.

The public may, of course, resist—and this brings us to the matter of prohibition. Water drinking may have to be prohibited by law. This will mean new crimes, and new crimes will mean new criminals. For a time it seemed as though our legislators were making new crimes faster than the states could build prisons to house the new criminals. But many recent prison riots have brought the problem squarely before the public eye, and we dare hope that the situation will shortly be remedied. The state can well afford much larger appropriations for the building of prisons than it now devotes to this purpose. And as enlightened public opinion impresses its wishes more and more firmly upon our administrators, it

*THIS picture did not turn out as planned. The original intention was to show a city in the background, and above it a glowing rainbow. This rainbow was, of course, to be in black and white, like all the rest of the pictures, but it was also to spell the word "Prosperity." On the road going towards this city we had hoped to have an automobile, and the people in the automobile were throwing out everything imaginable—sewing machines, radios, carpet-sweepers, books, anything the reader had bought recently and was planning to get rid of. The people in the automobile were not throwing out these things because they were drunk, or insane, or because they were welcoming a distinguished visitor to their city, or because the car was in danger of sinking. They were throwing out things because they understood the Doctrine of the Economic Value of Waste. They knew that for everything they threw out, they would have to buy something else to replace it, and that all these things were made in the city, and that was why the city was so prosperous, and that was why when they arrived at the city they could all get jobs. But as the picture turned out, we have a real dog looking at a manufactured dog. It is clear that the manufactured dog is preferable. She is less trouble, she will get out of order sooner, yet she doesn't need to be fixed. Many more workers are employed in her production, and thus she contributes more to our national prosperity.*

is to be hoped that prison building will be speeded up proportionately. Indeed, much progress has already been made within the last few months; and we may assert with confidence that the prison accommodations will soon be *ahead* of our legislatures. These legislatures may then proceed unimpeded to the formulation of still other crimes, putting many acts upon the statute books which are not even suspected by the general public as criminal at present. And many seemingly small offenses, now listed as misdemeanors, can be promoted to the rank of felonies, with consequent longer terms of imprisonment for offenders. Thus, the prisons will soon be amply ready for any legislative advance, and the prohibition of water can then become a reality. Some may deny that it would be immediately successful, but none who have looked into the facts can deny that it would be a noble experiment. Furthermore, we must not become too smug, we must not be too complacent with our present state of progress. We must remember that the

prohibition of water is but a rudimentary advance; there are still many, many more appetites and bodily pleasures to be legislated against.

Nor must we think that industrial progress has interfered with religion. For we may behold the rise of a new priesthood, in the purveyors of propaganda. To every man engaged in producing a commodity, there are at least a hundred engaged in selling it. We can make anything, but getting it into the home is another matter. There is publicity, there is "educational advertising," there is lobbying. For there is more money in the swaying of opinions than ever before. A company used to spend, say, five thousand dollars to change the mind of a Senator. Now it thinks nothing of spending fifty thousand to change the minds of his constituents. This all means jobs, jobs for the priesthood.

Are there still doubters? Are there readers, for instance, who doubt whether things of the mind can flourish in such a society as we have

been picturing? Then let us consider the position of the indigent sage in this social scheme, the man who knows positively that he has wisdom and even more positively that he has damned little money. We believe that this indigent sage faces a greater opportunity for the good life than ever before. Let us see his method of survival in operation. Looking about him, our indigent sage notes that all his stupider fellows are victimized by the doctrine of obsolescence, and are kept busy buying new models of every imaginable commodity while their old models are still in thoroughly serviceable condition. To these barbarians, these savages victimized by the most inexorable of psychological laws, the Law of Keeping Up With the Joneses,[1] there is no choice but to go on buying and buying. But what are these barbarians, these savages, to do with their old models which, though in perfect condition,

[1] This law is usually discussed in the manuals of abnormal psychology as the "law of creative envy." (See Prof. Otto Hogweiler's *The Competitive Buying Complex Among Cretins and High Grade Morons.*)

are practically worthless from the social point of view? Here is where the opportunity for the sage comes in—and by a mere gaudy trinket, a string of beads, a rabbit's foot, he purchases from the savages their discarded wealth. Being alone of all men protected from the full force of the Law of Keeping Up With the Joneses, he can proceed to equip himself for a song. And so we dare envisage our indigent sage surrounded by a kingdom of last year's grandeur: old-model nose straighteners, antiquated breeds of mechanical horses, mission-style electric toasters, Alpine sun lamps lacking yodel attachments, cars with a diving girl in a red bathing suit, unfinished correspondence courses, remaindered best sellers, old calendars, evening clothes without *moderne* buttonholes, "No parking here" paper weights, explosive cigars, radio-phonographico-pianos without Neo-Novo Nevaware buffet-lunch inserts. When heretofore could the philosopher without means (and was there ever a philosopher with means?) entertain such hopes of

surrounding himself with all these manifold resources of man's industry? When heretofore could he entertain such hopes of paralleling, as it were, in external possessions that great wealth and accumulation which in the past he has possessed but within? One thing alone will he have to buy as it issues from the factory. Not pencils, for he can get them out of old Cross Word Puzzle Books; not postage stamps, for he can soak off the cancellation from used varieties; not inkwells, for the vast number of non-musical fountain pens made available by the combination fountain pen and music box, the Fountobox, will make inkwells unnecessary—but razor blades. A razor blade can never regain its usefulness, partly because of scientific deterioration and partly because it had so little to regain. So our indigent sage, rather than surrender, will probably not shave at all. What then will the well-dressed philosopher wear? Quite simply: a beard soaked with Flit.

On the subject of Health, our Whitherist

colleague C. E. A. Winslow says in *Whither Mankind:* "Perhaps the once-born is a man with a constant excess of some vital hormone, the twice-born a man with an intermittent supply, the confirmed doubter a man with a permanent deficiency. Perhaps hope and courage will some day be controllable by chemical or psychiatric means." These pregnant sentences complete the circle of our confidence. For perhaps we can look forward to the day when the "constructive attitude" can be maintained by a simple medical injection. In the light of these sentences, it seems possible that if our troublesome doubter, Voltaire, had been got hold of in time and given hormone insufficiency pills in childhood, he might have become a regular Bishop Cannon. We dare look forward to one unending bull market, unimpeded by any intermittent deficiency of the appropriate hormone such as took place in Wall Street recently. The day will soon come when such a loss of financial confidence will be looked upon, not as a prob-

lem in economics, but as a lapse in hygiene.

In closing, we recognize that there are many who still have a sentimental attachment to the quiet little village of the past. Such villages were undeniably pretty, with the dirt road winding by the old mill, and all that. We even grant that Mr. Henry Ford, and other thinkers of the same caliber, have been greatly responsible for their passing. But here too we can silence the adverse critic. The sleepy little village is not gone. It may be lost to Ford-buyers, but the great Ford-maker has been able to purchase one all for himself. So nothing has been lost after all.

KENNETH BURKE

QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS

Describe some handy method for destroying your last year's furniture.

Make up a simple Waste-More game to instruct your children.

Which Wall Street skyscraper do you think is going to collapse first?

Which would be better for culture: thick hair (and more jobs for barbers) or bald heads (and more jobs for vendors of hair restorers)?

Why can't a man be cultured on less than ten thousand a year?

Why is Mr. Ford one of the most cultured men in America?

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

FOLLOWING a brilliant academic career at Oberlin and Oxford, Mr. Burke disappeared from the public eye for nearly forty years, during which time he was running errands for a brokerage firm and thinking for himself. When elevators were invented, the young Burke, foreseeing the future of the industry, got in on the ground floor, serving first as an elevator boy and gradually working himself up until now he is a starter in one of New York's largest office buildings. "The elevator boy is greatly misunderstood," he is fond of saying. To improve the caliber of the elevator mentality, and put elevating on a plane with other professions, Mr. Burke has worked out a plan of Super-Signals which has already been put into operation in his building with great success. The Burke Principle can best be explained by example. For exam-

ple, on certain floors an *Up* signal in the elevator means *Down,* on certain other floors the absence of a signal means *Stop,* on certain others a *Stop* signal means *Go Ahead.* If a prospective passenger punches a button on the nineteenth floor, it registers on the elevator boy's indicator as the hundred and tenth floor, and so on. The practiced operator soon learns to discount these misleading signals, and comes to take great pride in his skill at unreading. The elevator boy is thus "kept continually on the jump," as Mr. Burke has curtly expressed it—and "his ideational equipment is brought to a par with that of our most advanced mathematicians and physicists." Burke's rich experience in carrying up and down some of America's outstanding financiers, who discussed their affairs without hesitation in the presence of a "mere elevator boy," led him to meditate early on matters of business policy. And psychoanalysts can doubtless see a parallel between the up-and-down of his trade and the alternate depressions and elations of his thinking. The habit-pattern theory of psychology is here proved, yes proved. Mr. Burke formed the practice of jotting down notes whenever he was making a trip with an empty car, so that, in his words, his "work is really the fruits of leisure." Other studies by Mr.

Burke are: *Learning the Guinea Pig; The Man Who Opened a Closing-Out Store; How to Write Books on How To; All Doing the Same—a Study of the "Different."* He is also well-known for his avocation as a writer of popular lyrics, two of his compositions being: "I got the Take-Me-Back-Down Somewhere-Or-Other Blues" and "My Cave-Man is so Sweet, I Don't Mind Paying the Rent."—*Ed.*

## GORGONZOLA : *or the Future of Literary Criticism*

**Inspired** by James Joyce's extraordinary feats in reproducing special psychological states—especially his recent *Work in Progress*, in which he renders the varying phases of a man's consciousness in the course of a single night's sleep, I have attempted, imitating Joyce's methods, to reproduce a few moments from the consciousness of the literary editor of a great liberal weekly, as he sits in his office in winter between the hours of three and four in the afternoon. In a psychological condition not precisely like either sleeping or waking, though it partakes of the nature of both, the editor is visited by a vision of the future of literary criticism.

Dumb thud of dumped books. Little gray hope in the West Twenties. We deplore the English anguish in India.

There we are, the New Sheol of Social Reproach, protruning our intentive antennae, rubbing our eroded erazors, attapping our recalkitrant tykewripers, lapping our inviolable lilycups, faking lunch in faded penumbra, applausing responsible pleasantries, paying parochial calls on lost causes, hearing special spiels from squelched squeamers, cerebrating the centenary of John Doughy (the old existing existential phenomenon), affirming and reaffirming the Rediscovery of Waldo Frank by Virgin Spain (with his Sense of the Whole he made a woman of her!) and lavishing lessons in How to Live Lightly by Soldering Your Own Cans and Incorporating Your Own Goat, or a Family of Twelve Against the Gods, by Bolitho Bernarro Borsodi—heavy bope on international buells, labor lowdowns by S. K. Mansy MacGuardian, sidelights on slow adult education superimposed by Edword Winde-

*LITERARY criticism in the future. Bottom, it will be remembered, was translated by being given an ass's head. The critic of the future will be translated by being given his own. The critic is here depicted in the act of discussing a work of great merit. The obnoxious material issuing above his manuscript is, in a picture version, necessarily vague, as it must be made to fit all subjects. But we happen to know exactly what the artist had in mind. The intention is to show that, if the critic is discussing a novel, he regrets that the author had not written a play—or if it happened to be a play, he is very carefully and profusely regretting that it was not a novel. He is also in the act of regretting the impoverishment of modern literature because it doesn't produce more Goethes, though this same critic would not for a moment think of reading more than one-tenth of Goethe's output. It has been discovered that the book of one starving poet provides good-paying material for three hundred critics who can, by the privileges of their trade, complain in stale language that the poetry is stale.*

man and Elfin Jumpsome—reading the ripple of reparations, blubbering birth control in bully brave butterances, cajoling musical comicals out of Prosenfeld with his incurable coloratura and his furious fiorituralura and divine flypapers on plastic acting from that fine ole southern gemmerman Spark Young, with a smearies of temperamental smarticles on the Cause and Cure of Asthmetic Sibyllism by Deadwood Winsome, the Jersey Cowper—all awash in a wealth of weviews by wight-willing wayward wandering wavering hands.

And this bwings us to liquorary quiddicism. What a wonderful is liquorary quiddicism! What fastiddily! what intelletual breath! what crytearia! what inside and painentrailia!—Now there were three great liberary clinics —there was Carl van Doorman and Herbert S. Goren and there was Gorman B. Munson. Carl van Gorham was the Book-of-the-Bunch-Club, a bang in a thousand he was, the homesome wholespun old magnate, giving away a mahogany brittanica with every sub-

scription to the Muck-of-the-Month-Club, chewing books for choosy readers with bad bicustards, a regular balloon to the belated he was. He gave them Elizabeth and Sex by Lytton Scratchy, John Brown's Benny by Steve Brody, The Bridge of San Louis Bromfield by Felix Ray, A Farewell to Farms by Mark van Dorman, How to be Happy, a Preface to Morons by Walter B. Pipkin, Tristram, a fine-spun obituary by Edwin Arlington Cemetary, Black Majesty by Dark van Moron, The Life of Joseph Wood Peacock by his uncle Doc van Doren, and Training the Giant Pander by quaint old Trader van Horen. ("I Won't Leave This Book No Matter What It Is! Tell Harry he must join the Geld and effect a eunuque shaving!")

But said Herman S. Gorham, the invetebrate bookish old browser, with the stoop in his back and the twinkle in his sty, the Incredible Carcase we call him—no homesale purveyor he, but a fried connoissure of fine writhings —said Gorvin: "I would ravver read This Side

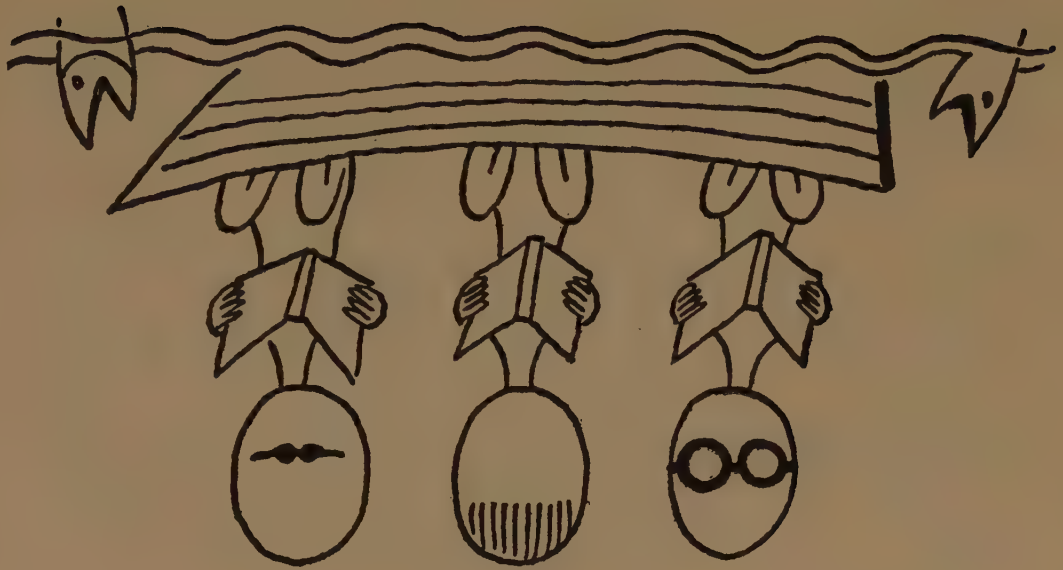
of Paralyzed by F. Scotch Fitzgerald or Is % by hee-hee cunnings or a transformation by Ezra Penaloosa of the lyrics of Bertran van Boren or some delousious little art-novel de Lux about the letches of the lousure classes by the rich Mr. Joseph Hoggenheimer, with his love for the glamorous souseland and his faiblousse for lavender and old lice, or For Lancelot Gobbo by Gobbineau, or I could tates a little Yeast or Prouts!"

There they were, the grape lipperary critturs, Cardboard S. Boreman and Carman van Dorham, argufying and deifying and fiefieing and recommending and defending and pretending and nancing and tancing and romancing, poking fun and broking puns, the three faint limperary cripples, Carl van Gorman and Humbert van Horem—and don't be forgetting old Borem B. Bunsen, the motht theriouth of the three, with his mustachio cocked so waxy and his duomo waxed so parquet, the old fossil apostle of Bookmanism, the proselostle of Paul Ember Morage—said Morem E. Gum-

some, smiling, with a Humanism like nothing human: "My friends, do we not need, after all, to consibber the morage aspeck? If we would forage ahead to a new era, we must example our morel discipline, we must think less of the means and more of the *mores*, the problem of impeckable technecktion is one which has pru-frockupied our perfektionists too long. I would profound them a tacks which will task them to the tutmost, let them taskle at the crotte of the handgurdjieff the system of Waldo Elmo Orage, an abstrack sicktheckick hypostathick with an apthockmathick methockology." Grock.

And these few simpcere and yearnest words, once profounded for all to ponder, were like the morecules of a gass which perveates the apmosphere—spedding spuriously aspunder, espanding foerster and foerster, presently brimming up the room quite nauxeous, enough to make you chapel ill. "Mm! mm! I am smuf-focating!" esclaimed Goren, "I cannot breeze, I can hardly sneathe!" Said Car van Dorven,

*THREE men in a boat. When asked for an explanation, the artist refused to reply unless subpoenaed; so, like the Senate, we have been forced to draw our own conclusions. Advancing step by step, we first discover that these men are all in the same boat. That means there is something wrong with them. And since there is something wrong with them, and they are holding books, that means that they are literary critics. And since there are three of them, they must be studying the text, "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil." And since they are literary critics, they are naturally not going to do anything of the sort, but are about to vanish in mid-air.*



" 'S fixiating! We will smuffle whiff the flumes of this Fumanism!"—Then miseraccorded Gorboduc Bunkum, a kindhearted harmless at heart, "Wery well, I will wopen a window—that is, I will ropen a hindu. Mahabharata! Mahabharata!" And, to the stuporfaction of his two heaving companions, he perceeded to proform the indim trope trick—pumpously adjusting his false viscous and taking a commonprose-enough-looking trope which hardly appealed valid for a proseline, he muttered a misting mahabhracadhabra, and flun wung en dup-up Hi!-Hi!-Hi! into the air, where—emagine their embarrassing emarvellment!—it aphered to adhere to nothing—and then climbed up it, hand over teakettle, and wif a briff brittle smile diffappeared!—Did ever you hear the like! What abazement for those leff behime! Poor old Hormone S. Dormant could only shake his head and blink his shy and shift from one foot to each other. "Well, this beats me!" he had to yield. "If this is highbrow, then I am hofbrau! Why not quit the field of

limperature upperly?—Put it there, old pap!" he popped, spurning suddenly to Cal vin Coren —and now he has accepted a task packing grapefruit in the basement of the Book-of-the-Lunch-Club!

EDMUND WILSON

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

EDMUND WILSON ("the Belovèd Rogue") is a Greenwich Village boy who has made good at liberalism. More, perhaps, than any other man, he has been responsible for exposing the methods employed in the packing of ant-eggs for pet turtles, and he is the leader of a nationwide campaign to promote kindness to phonograph records. He acted as ghost-writer for Marcel Proust in *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* and for A. N. Whitehead in his philosophical works, and is the author of an original book, *100 Tricks with Cards, Coins and Balls.—Ed.*

## DEMOCRITUS: *or the Future of the Atom*

How very often nowadays do we hear people asking the question, "What in the world has happened to the atom?" For it is certainly evident to anyone who has kept up with his physics that something very strange and very disturbing has happened to it.

Not so many years ago, and certainly within the memory of our grandfathers, the atom was dignified and independent. It stood firmly on its two feet and was often favorably compared to Longfellow's Village Blacksmith who "looked the whole world in the face." Indeed there was something nobly Victorian in the way the atom of our grandfathers blundered

along in this best possible of worlds. Yet it has almost completely disappeared. One only sees it nowadays upon the stage or at costume balls.

Perhaps the old-fashioned type of atom has never been more beautifully or more sympathetically interpreted than by the famous French artist, Jean François Millet. In this oil painting to which I refer Millet has presented us with two atoms standing with bowed heads in the middle of a field. The atoms are evidently in prayer. Between them on the ground rests a small basket of potatoes which they have been busily digging. Or, as only one potato fork appears in the picture, it is probable that one atom turned up the potatoes while the other atom dropped them in the basket. Or perhaps they both took turns with the fork. However, there stand these two atoms and at the moment Millet caught them they were at prayer, while in the distance, surrounded by the mists of twilight, is the village church from whose steeple issue the silvery notes of the angelus.

This interpretation of the atom is very profound. The great French artist did well to depict his atom in prayer, for in his day the atom was god-fearing and upright, just as the men of his day were god-fearing and upright. And though this might lead one to assume that the atom is always the child of its century, i.e. that in triangular or blustering centuries the atoms would be triangular or blustering, there is quite enough evidence to believe the reverse of this theory. That is to say, man is in the image of the atom, not the atom in the image of man. For is not man composed of atoms? Are not atoms the substance of the world and therefore the very substance of man? And if the atom should be triangular or god-fearing or blustering would not man by necessity be triangular or god-fearing or blustering?

Such at least are my convictions. And it seems to me that the future of man is so closely bound up with the future of the atom that if we wish to reform man (as who does not?) we must begin by reforming the atom. If we wish

man to return to that condition of simplicity and grace which Millet has so charmingly depicted, we must first of all lure the atom back into that condition.

But before we proceed further let us consider the modern atom. Let us consider its customs, its habits, its proclivities. What is its culture, what is its sex life? Is the modern atom religious? What are its complexes? What cars does it drive and what tooth-pastes does it use?

Now to anyone who has his Eddington at his finger tips, to anyone who at a glance can tell a proton from an electron, it is needless to remark that the modern atom is in a state of constant motion. It is forever bustling about in a rather scatterbrained way, always up to something or other and never able to sit still a minute. Never for a moment does it pause to think things out or to meditate upon such problems as: Why am I continually moving about? What is the world coming to? What is the use?—Such questions are almost meaning-

*ELECTRON and Ion—or is it Electron and Proton?—making a hydrogen atom. The atom is, of course, the jazz-mad atom, which has developed to alarming proportions since the days of the stolid, dignified atom of Democritus. The new Heisenberg Principle teaches us that there is now absolutely no law governing the conduct of the atom, the earlier Newtonian restrictions having somehow been repealed. In fact, when subjected to the various humiliating experiments of the laboratory, atoms have shown much more freedom of choice than their larger cousin, the human. It has been discovered that they hop about frightfully, and in a totally undependable manner. We would call this fact to the attention of all the whither-minded, because of the bearing it must have upon any attempt to put the country on a sound moral and financial basis. Can we build a stable social structure out of atoms whose unrest has been steadily mounting since the days of Ibsen?*

less to our modern atom, for its life is one of pure activity. It is in a state of constant and unmitigated unrest.

This unrest is a sort of disease. It is the result, psychoanalysts would tell us, of a serious mental and emotional maladjustment to the world. It is a sort of hysteria called thermo-dynamics, a name derived from the Greek word *thermos,* meaning *keep,* and from the word *dynamos,* meaning moving. Keep moving.

The modern atom has thermo-dynamics in its most virulent form. And one of the results of this dread disease is to produce illusions of grandeur in the mind of the victim. Cæsar, suffering from thermo-dynamics, thought himself a god. Mussolini, also a victim of the disease, thinks himself Cæsar. And one frequently meets people nowadays who think they are Mussolini. But the modern atom, with, I regret to say, the connivance of science, nourishes the illusion that it is a solar system.

Of course there is nothing particularly

wrong in believing that you are a solar system. It is one of the most harmless of illusions if it is kept in its proper place or is assumed merely in a spirit of good, wholesome fun. But when one begins to act like a solar system, when one begins indiscriminately gathering little planets about one and making them to revolve and rotate, then it seems to me that it is high time to call a halt. And especially when these little planets or, to use no worse a word, these little electrons are very wild little electrons indeed. But here we come to the most distressing phase of the whole atomic problem.

The most distressing phase of the whole atomic problem is the relation between the atom and its electrons. Now I am not what one might call a puritan. During my years at Columbia University I sowed my wild oats with the best of them. Yet, whenever I see one of our modern atoms with sometimes as many as eighty-three electrons circulating about it I cannot repress the cry of protest that rises to my lips. I cannot sit there calmly and watch

*THE atom of the Intermediate Period, halfway between the solid atom used in the construction of Rome and the present wayward atom which is at the roots of our violent fluctuations in morals, politics, and the stock market. The Intermediate Period was perhaps the Golden Age of the atom, whose character at that time formed a well-balanced whole midway between the sovereignty of a Mussolini and the obedience of a waiter. Though men of the Intermediate Period regretted the death of the earlier, more sluggish atom, we today are in a position to realize how well off they were. For the atom, though active, was something that you could still put your fingers on, and not a sieve-like little bundle of deviltry which is always somewhere else.*

such things going on right under my eyes. I feel like shouting, like flinging myself upon the atom. But more of this later. Let us return to the question of the electrons themselves.

Now these wild little electrons, these little shameless creatures, cavort and prance about the atom in, to use the very words of Professor Eddington, "a jazz-mad dance." And though I do not deny that the atom is in some wise responsible for the way they carry on, yet their tireless frenzy keeps the atom in a constant fever of excitement. Moreover, every now and then an electron, maddened by the dance, hurls itself with a murmur of joy into the arms of the atom, whereupon there ensues what had best be described by the following equation:

$$r\sqrt{\frac{a^2+2ab+b^2}{x}}$$

How often these equations occur depends largely on the number of electrons circulating about the atom. In the case of such conservative atoms as that of hydrogen, for example,

they occur but rarely, but with the faster set, the platinum or uranium groups, they occur with appalling frequency. In fact one often wonders how these atoms get anything done, frittering away their time the way they do.

Nevertheless, it is with this faster set of atoms that any reform should begin. And though I realize that scientists of the old school always laugh heartily whenever I mention anything about reforming the atom, or smile patronizingly whenever they come across me working over my atoms, yet I am quite convinced that the atom is fundamentally good at heart. I do sincerely believe that it can be reformed even though the various experiments I attempted were, I admit, quite miserable failures.

Some years ago, deeply distressed by the sad state into which the atom had fallen, I decided that if the atom is ever to be restored to its former condition of innocence and dignity, its electrons must be removed. Of course I do not believe that *all* its electrons should be re-

moved. That would be unfair. And besides, some of our best atoms have had electrons. No, I am not so simple or so foolish as to go against nature and demand that the atom have no electron at all. But to my mind if the atom is to have an electron, let it be of the old-fashioned type. Let it be one of those old-fashioned, simple, unassuming Millet electrons. Let the electron be the atom's helpmate and comrade and not one of those giddy, jazz-crazed creatures of these modern times.

With this idea in mind I performed a number of experiments upon atoms. I isolated an atom of uranium in a little cage and then I removed all its electrons. I performed this operation as gently and as quickly as I could. But no sooner did this uranium atom find itself bereft of its electrons than it fell into an uncontrollable rage. It leaped about the cage and snapped at my assistant whenever he approached it. However, I bided my time and when the uranium had quieted down a bit I deftly introduced a little electron into the cage.

For this purpose I intentionally had chosen one of the old-fashioned, Millet electrons. But to my consternation, no sooner had the atom laid eyes upon this little Millet electron than it began chasing the poor thing all about the cage in the most shocking way. In fact it became so vicious that I was finally obliged to withdraw the Millet electron and spirit it away as fast as ever I could.

This rather dismal failure led me to the conclusion that I had removed the electrons too abruptly and that I should have removed a few of them at a time. I therefore isolated another atom of uranium and lured away small groups of electrons by means of mirrors suspended on wires. But whenever I had lured away a dozen or so I would substitute a dozen or so of the old-fashioned Millet type of electron. This operation had proceeded for some time with the most cheering success and I had substituted Millet electrons for practically all of the modern ones when suddenly the atom halted its mad dance. With a terror-stricken

countenance it gazed at the three or four dozen Millet electrons all standing grouped together in one corner of the cage. It then seemed to recoil, and withdrawing to the opposite end of the cage it stood there cowering with fear and apprehension. It refused to be calmed and would only groan and tremble in the most piteous way, until I had to give up the experiment in disgust.

Thereafter I essayed other methods. I tried to intimidate it, I tried to persuade it, I argued with it, I read tracts to it. I tried to interest the atom in various games—anagrams, cross-word puzzles, cribbage, ring tennis—but all to no avail. I tried to get the atom to attempt light manual labor such as basket-weaving and carpentry, but my every effort failed. I lectured to groups of atoms on various subjects such as: The Rise of American Culture, The Spirit of '76, The Language of the Flowers. I did almost everything that I could think of, but the only result I achieved was to convince myself that the reformation of the atom is not the sim-

ple problem that I had at first thought it was.

However, the experiments did lead me to certain general conclusions and suggested various ways of suppressing the atom until the little seeds of reform can begin to germinate within it. I will briefly outline these measures:

1. The reduction of the number of atoms. Everyone will admit that there are altogether too many atoms in the world. There are billions and billions of them and a large majority are quite useless. In fact they are worse than useless because they only get into people's way and make life much more complex than it really should be. It is my suggestion that all these useless atoms be shot off into space by means of guns.

2. Isolation of certain atoms. There are certain atoms that are needed only occasionally, but these atoms are more often than not ones which have become so embedded in their career of shame that it would be well-nigh impossible to reform them either by fair means

or foul. These problem atoms I would isolate on an island beyond the three-mile limit or I would send them back where they came from.

3. Reduction of everything to hydrogen. This of course is a rather revolutionary proposal and may shock or frighten many timid people. But its advantages are so evident and manifold that even though it might require a great deal of time and work to transmute all things into hydrogen yet it would certainly be worth it in the long run. For in the first place hydrogen is the only definitely monogamous element that exists. It supports but one electron at a time and has never been known to support more. In this particular respect it is closer to the old Millet, or Longfellow, atom than any of the others. Its life is simple, bucolic and almost completely free of the virus of modernity. In the second place if everything were reduced to hydrogen, many if not all the problems which have so disturbed and baffled human beings from pre-historic days would all be settled in the twinkling of an eye and for

good. Man would no longer be forced to worry about sex, or religion, or war, or politics, or art, or racial problems, or bigotry, or economics. For the whole universe would be one great uniform and harmonious family of hydrogen, eternal and self-sufficient. And who in his right senses would not prefer that kind of world to the confused, jazz-crazed, lop-sided sort of world that we have with us today?

SLATER BROWN

## QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS

Discuss Atomic Behavior before Volstead.
Where would you look for atoms?
Do you like the New Atom? Tell why.
Write a short free-verse poem on Atom and Eve.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

MR. BROWN'S interest in the atom is a perfect example of what we have always been saying—that very little is really known about human psychology. Until very late in life, W. S. Brown, A. B., C. D., E. F. G., H. I., manifested not merely a lack

of sympathy for the atom but a positive aversion. He was, in fact, a confirmed student of the elephant. Then one day, over night, Saul became Paul. Facing the facts squarely, Brown recognized that throughout his thirty years spent tracking the elephant in India and Alaska, he had been secretly gnawed at by an interest in the atom. Tiny voices—obviously the voices of atoms—had called to him: "Brown! Brown!" And as one psychiatrist subsequently explained the situation, the elephant had occupied the center of his thoughts purely because it contained so many atoms. From the time of this dramatic conversion, he has devoted himself intensively to atomic research. Nor has his interest been merely an academic one. For though he has given much thought to the history of the atom as it developed through the ages, his primary purpose has always been better to understand the atom in order that he might make some contribution of lasting importance to its welfare. Mr. Brown's devotion and evangelism in the cause of the atom, however, is a topic in itself; we shall do no more here than refer the reader to his monumental works, *Atoms on Flees,* and *Behavior of the Atom—a Study in Submicroscopic Morality.—Ed.*

# FREUD : *or the Future of Psychoanalysis*

In a little room in Vienna one night fifty years ago, a young woman, drowsing in a chair, thought she saw a black snake emerging from the wall to bite her father. In the course of the next year or two this unhappy young lady developed anæsthesia, *Tussis nervosa,* nausea, impairment of vision, partial paralysis, a disinclination to drink though thirsty, confusion, delirium, and alteration of personality. Her distressing complications shortly came to the attention of a young man named Sigmund Freud who, up to that time, had been more or less sitting around waiting for something to turn up. He instantly began an extensive and leisurely examination

of the young woman's Unconscious, and Psychoanalysis was born. It was a nervous, brawling infant, given to cryptolalia and coprophilia, but not to Verdichtung (condensation).

Dr. Freud began—rather mildly, it is true—with a book modestly called *Studien Über Hysterie*. By 1905, however, the titles of books concerned with researches into the Unconscious (or Ucs, as it is now familiarly called[1]) had reached *Der Witz und seine Beziehung zum Unbewussten;* by 1908, *Sexuelle Amnormitäten der Kinder, Jahrbuch der schweizer Gesellschaft für Schulgesundheitspflege;* and by 1918—to go no further—*Aus der Geschichte einer Infantilen Neurose, Sammlung kleiner Schriften zur Neurosenlehre, 4te Folge Vienne: Heller.*

Any consideration of the future of Psychoanalysis must take into account, first of all, the magnificent bewilderment which exists in the

[1] It really is. Cf. *The Structure and Meaning of Psychoanalysis as Related to Personality and Behavior.*

vocabulary and terminology of the science. This bewilderment can best be indicated by one or two random quotations from recent books on the subject: (1) "Though he (Freud) speaks of 'aim' as synonymous with 'way' he certainly seems to imply that it may also be interpreted in the sense of 'goal'." (2) "For him (Holt) the 'wish' is 'function'." Now if such simple and, in many ways, disparate words as these are already being used to mean the same thing, it can easily be seen where Psychoanalysis is going to end up unless something is done about it. Let us take a hypothetical case, of the sort more than likely to turn up in the next few years, if things go on this way. Suppose that Dr. A— decides to use "end" in the sense of "go" and "all" in the sense of "away." A patient with a mild case of manic depressive psychosis (Cyclothemia) calls on him and asks for advice. "You should end all," says Dr. A—, meaning that the patient should go away—get a change of scene. In all probability, Cyclothemia cases being

what they are, the patient will go out and shoot, or at least shoot at, himself.[2]

Again, let us consider the case of an analyst, Dr. B—, who uses "wish" in the sense of "function." Let us say that a typical American male—worried, twitchy, and expecting to have a nervous breakdown at any minute—calls on Dr. B—.

"Good morning, Dr. B—," he says.

"Good morning," says Dr. B—.

"Doctor," says the patient, "I can no longer add up a column of figures and get the same answer twice."

"How's that?" asks Dr. B—.

"I say I can no longer add up a column of figures and get the same answer twice."

"I heard you," says the doctor. "By 'how's that?' I meant why is that? Now why *is* it?"

"I'm asking *you*," says the patient, with some asperity.

"Well, well, well," says the doctor, simulating a joviality which he does not feel, because

[2] Cyclothemia patients are notably bad shots.

the patient's last words have nettled him, "how long has this been going on?"

"For about seven years," says the patient.

"Apparently," says the doctor, "your mind is not wishing right; I function you had come to me sooner." At this point things are going to get enormously involved. The patient, being unable to grasp the meaning of what he instantly recognizes as very simple words, will imagine that the fault is his own and not the doctor's (a common mistake in Psychoanalysis), and that he is probably losing his mind. Now let us go a step further and suppose that Dr. B— also uses "aim," "way," and "goal" synonymously. "What do you aim to do about me, doctor?" asks the patient. "Well," says the doctor, "I goal to send you on your aim a well man; that, anyaim, is the way I am goaling at." The rapid mental decline of the patient from here on must be inevitable.

The danger, then, for the future does not lie so much in those cumbersome polysyllabic terms with which Psychoanalysis is most com-

monly identified (although it does lie there in part), as in the growing tendency to make all the short and disparate words in the language synonymous. The remedy as I see it lies in a Congress of Psychoanalysts, which shall include Freud, Jung—if they still go to the same places—Holt, Hoyt, Flügel, Stekel, A. Jones, R. Jones, Ferenczi, Schmalhausen, Wittels, Brill, Sundermann, Shüdel, Zaner, Quillip, Gruening, Tithridge, Benois, Matthiessen, Boyajohn, A. Miller, I Miller, Burt, Blürt, Smeed, Schmeizel, Shmooz, Ferralone, Dennis, Greenbaum, Schüyler, Speaks, A. Cline, Sprening, W. Cline, Goom, Ciss, Bah, Williams, Kamelung, Van Dreer, McBeets, Preem, Pristil, and Kreelberger. The sooner these gentlemen get together and prune away a couple of thousand synonyms the better. If they wait too long, however—and that would not be much longer either—this synonym confusion will have gone so far that babel will result and the Congress won't be able to get very far beyond a few obscure exchanges of greetings.

I can see them coming together now, these gentlemen, and conversing as follows (using "can" for "are,"[3] "think" for "know," "right" for "well," and vice versa, etc.):

"How can you, doctor?"

"I can right, how can you?"

"I can right, too."

"Do you think Dr. Smith?"

"No, I have never thought Dr. Smith."

"Right, right, right, know of that! You must think him—Dr. Smith, Dr. Jones!"

"How can you, doctor?"

"How can you?"

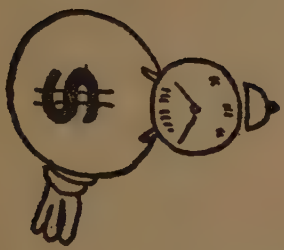
There are many other problems that Psychoanalysis must also face very soon. When I was planning this survey, I wrote them all down, or started to, giving each one a Roman numeral. They finally ran to so many that, because of a lamentable inferiority complex about Roman numerals over fifty, I had to abandon the idea. I will, however, cite, without

[3] "Can," you will note in the dialogue, also stands for "am".

numerals of any kind, a few of the more important dilemmas that will have to be threshed out in the immediate future. First of all, there is the tricky question of what is going to be "normal," in a world of constantly shifting values. It is hard enough to determine what is "normal" now. Many psychoanalysts not only already disagree on what is normal, but they also disagree on the definition of the word, and those that do agree describe what they mean in such involved terminology that the definitions usually make the same sense when read backwards as they do when read forwards. This ambivalent, or "two-way," reading is, in itself, a grave danger for the future. A volume which can be read as easily from back to front as from front to back must, by its very nature, lack a demonstrable beginning and end. Furthermore, if the end can be taken as the start, it gives us two new words which are synonymous—"end" and "start" (or "beginning" and "finish"). Application of the theory that these words mean the same thing is likely to

cause the sloughing off, in the future, of such a wide variety of events as the hundred-yard dash, the mile-run, the game of parchesi, and everything else which nowadays owes its existence to a sharp discrimination between beginning and ending, starting and stopping. A lack of this discrimination would produce a general inertia which must rapidly lead to latency, lethargy, and, finally, coma. Everything which is played, or run, over a course measurable in terms of "length" or "time," as we now understand "length" and "time," would cease to be, or at least to "move." For no impulse could exist strong enough to start off sentient things (such as athletes, horses, etc.) once those things became convinced that the finish was going to be identical with the start. Expenditure of the energy involved in running, (and in leaping, jumping, vaulting, pushing, etc.) would be recognized as futile. Even a horse would come finally to see that. He would grow tired of always finishing in a tie with some other horse—with, indeed, all

*THE problem of normality as it will be handled in the future. The gentleman seated is a psychoanalyst, and the lady on her hands is in consultation with him. By careful stages he is convincing her that his position is the normal one, and that hers is preposterous. All the laboratory apparatus required for this treatment is a clock and a cash box. The doctor challenges the patient to hold her position as long as possible, which she does until she finally collapses. After a little rest he tells her to do this again, repeating the process until she flatly refuses to collaborate further. He then consults the clock, charges her handsomely for his time—and she is more than cured.*



the other horses. The element of competition, which is one of the greatest stimulants to physical activity, would die out. As a concept it might still exist, but as a component it would be gone. Nobody would ever try to be better than anybody else at anything. People would just sit around. Newspapers would no longer attempt to "scoop" each other on important news events; baseball would pass into oblivion being, as it is, so utterly dependent upon a fixed and immutable difference between given points; wars, so highly competitive, would come to an end and the world would lose their exhilarating force; girls would not try to dress more attractively than other girls and might, in the end, not dress at all. If you suggest that the spectacle of all the girls in the world sitting around with nothing on might revive man's concept (or component) of a beginning and an end, and hence start competition all over again, I reply that this is highly doubtful. Competition goes along now solely because of an Original Impulse, a Momentum gained

from the Force which created the world—namely, Sun-Power. Once competition came to a dead stop, no new impulse, outside of man's own, would be conceivable, and man's own impulse naturally prompts him, if unimpelled by an outside impetus, to sit around and do nothing rather than to mingle with undressed ladies, particularly a great number of undressed ladies.

This digression has admittedly taken us pretty far from a consideration of the concept of a new normalcy, but it has at least served the purpose of showing that what we now consider an "abnormalcy"—that is, universal coma and the loss of the Competitive Component—could become the normalcy of the future. The whole question of "Norm" is an involved one. Perhaps we should begin by defining what we mean by "normal." The condidition, or state, which we recognize as normal is that condition, or state, from which any divergence is extremely noticeable. For example: if, while everybody else in a theater

is laughing at a witty line in a comedy, one lone gentleman, sitting in a box, should rise and plunge headlong onto the stage, by way of showing his pleasure, that would be abnormal, as we now understand it. (If, when he jumped, he were wrapped up in paper and twine, the *intensity*, but not the *extent*, of the divergence from the normal would be increased.) The man's action would not, however—and this is important—be abnormal, if it were the custom, when a witty line is spoken in the theater, for *everyone* to plunge headlong onto the stage. Of course, for such behavior to be practicable, the drama, as we now know it, would have to undergo radical changes—but that is beside the mark. The point I wish to make is that if jumping were acceptable, *laughing might then become abnormal.* Laughing, in a word, would not be the accustomed reaction. Normalcy, then, is dependent upon the customary, the uniform, and the familiar. It is not dependent upon any inherent quality of right and wrong—and here is where Psycho-

analysis has got into trouble, and is going to get into more, as the years go on. I shall illustrate what I mean by considering the change that is going on in one very important norm.

Statistics show, from time to time, an abrupt downward trend in women's interest in the male, as such. One Viennese analyst has announced that ninety percent of the women of civilized countries can now take men or let them alone. If this is true, we must begin pretty soon to accustom ourselves to accepting the female's lack of amorous interest in the male as normal. Indeed, we ought to begin right away—I might even go so far as to say we should have begun some time since. Now it is easy to see what this particular shift in values is going to mean to the future of Psychoanalysis. It is, for one thing, going to challenge the authority of Psychoanalysis to use the word "science" in connection with the study of the human mind and emotions. Science can be interested only in determining facts, not in setting up standards or codes, not

*MAN of the future taking off his hat and inadvertently revealing his Ucs (Unconscious). It will be noted that he has a much more agreeable Ucs than most of us; in fact, his Ucs is positively playful. He, and twenty-seven successive specialists in the politer neuroses, have devoted many years to the subject of himself, and have done much valuable pruning, until there is really nothing left but these harmless and entertaining little animals. No wonder the man is always inadvertently revealing his Ucs.*

in deploring or bewailing. And yet the psychoanalysts, after determining that ninety percent of the women of civilized countries are lacking in amorous interest, insist that this normal condition—for ninety percent certainly establishes a norm—is not "right" or "good." Thus Psychoanalysis departs from the proper scientific province of discovering facts, and sets up an arbitrary and conventional code of morals. Psychoanalysis says, in effect, of frigidity in women, "this is normal, but it is an abnormal sort of normal." Now just why the dying out of the emotional concept in women should be considered abnormal—even in the mistaken sense of "bad, though normal"—I do not comprehend. It will certainly make for a calmer form of life, a more comfortable day-to-day routine. When the hundred percent point is reached, and there is no woman left in any civilized country who will bother about men, the male will automatically be forced to turn his attention entirely to work and games. Thus he will get things done and have a lot of fun.

Phone calls will decrease, and there will be a sharp decline in bickering, quarreling, protesting, berating, declaiming, weeping, worrying, boasting, posturing, lying, sneaking around, maintaining from two to three apartments, pretending, contriving, keeping a straight face, denying, etc. Think of the time that will save and of the anguish, despair, and moodiness it will put an end to—providing always, of course, that Psychoanalysis, more plaintive than scientific, leaves off its sentimental longing for "the good old norms"—a longing which I can only describe as pretty schizophrenical—and allows men and women to develop toward their inevitable, and tranquil, destiny.

JAMES THURBER

## QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS

Remembering that "*Jung*" in German means "young," and "*Freud*" means "joy," tell why Freud always dreams of massacring children and Jung always dreams that he is a kill-joy.

Name three kinds of kraut, four kinds of wurst, and seven psychoanalysts.

For female students: Without violating the basic publishing principle of the New York *Times*, tell why you lost your interest in men.

Give a list of indecent fruits.

Explain how psychoanalysis kept you from going mad, and made you interesting.

Give four different interpretations of the same dream, showing (1) that you have an inferiority complex, (2) that you are a pyromaniac, (3) that you have a castration compulsion, and (4) that you want to have a child. Give still another interpretation of this dream, showing either that you are a coprophile or that you have a suppressed desire for suppressed desires.

Name three fashionable neuroses.

Compose a long and detailed account of your dreams, as though you were entertaining your friends.

Explain why we should never have had psychoanalysis if Freud had been psychoanalyzed in his youth.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

JAMES THURBER was born in the blowy uplands of Columbus, Ohio, in a district known as "the Flats" which, for half of the year, was partially under water and during the rest of the time was

an outcropping of live granite, rising in dry weather to a height of two hundred feet. This condition led to moroseness, skepticism, jumping when shots were fired, membership in a silver cornet band, and, finally, a system of floating pulley-baskets by means of which the Thurber family was raised up to and lowered down from the second floor of the old family homestead. Psychoanalysis, first as a possible way out and then (since this failed) as an academic study, absorbed James's attention. His brothers, William and Robert, went in for athletics and found a way out in that direction. James, however, used the floating pulley-baskets until such great crowds of sightseers were attracted that he left in an old 1903 High Dudgeon for New York. He settled first in West Eleventh Street and then in West Eleventh Street—three doors farther east than the first, or old, West Eleventh Street place.

During the war James Thurber was nowhere to be found and was sometimes mistaken for Ambrose Bierce. He turned up, finally, on the Soissons front nineteen days after the Armistice and was invalided back to Paris by a Y.M.C.A worker and a French Colonial sentinel who found him bravely holding, single-handed, a small tin bar, or bistro, not far

from the Chemin des Dames. He had lost his overshoes and muffler and had had to throw away most of the souvenirs he had collected, because of difficulty in climbing out of abandoned trenches with them. In Paris he rejoined the staff of the American Embassy, which had been wondering where he was, but shortly thereafter he was reprimanded in action, and invalided back to America. Psychoanalysis again failed as a cure and he pursued it once more as a study—with results which we all know, in a hazy sort of way. Today, he is invalided in and out of the *New Yorker* office.—*Ed.*

# LEVIATHAN : *or the Future of Ocean Travel*

**Man**[1] is innately a traveler. History and the Encyclopedia Britannica alike inform us that from the dawn of knowledge man has always been going somewhere. At first his movements were confined to the land, but he was not long in finding out that it was possible to get about on the water, too, and this, in the light of subsequent developments, has turned out to be perhaps the most important discovery ever made.[2]

In fact, in speaking of it, even the Encyclopedia Britannica departs from its customary strict adherence to cold fact and plunges reck-

[1] *Qua* man.

[2] Except, of course, the printing press, which automatically takes precedence over everything else.

*A SIREN of the old-style, with wide-mouthed song luring travelers to their doom on the rocks of Europe. But moderns are coming to realize that there is a still graver danger involved in sirens. This danger is due to the fact that sirens do not exist. Since the days when Greek was not Greek to people, traveler after traveler has gone in search of the siren's treacherous call, to try his hand at being lured to disaster—and on every occasion Siren has remained provokingly silent. Certain forward-looking shipping lines, to assist in the expansion of the tourist trade, are now making a study as to the possible means of producing a synthetic siren, one which would have the further advantage of appealing to both sexes. But all agree that this siren of the future must be something a little more lithe than Mr. Televox.*

lessly into sheer speculation. "Great must have been the triumph," it remarks, "of the man who first discovered that the rushes or the trunks he had managed to tie together would, propelled by a stick or a branch (cf. *ramus* and *remus*) used as pole or paddle, convey him safely across the river or lake, which had hitherto been his barrier." The reference to *remus* here is a little confusing.[3] However, the main fact is clear: man had contrived a vehicle that would float!

"But," as the same authority sagely continues, "use multiplies wants." Improvements followed. The raft gave way to the hollowed trunk, or dug-out, perhaps better known to the casual reader as the "monoxylon." But man, his inventive genius aroused, was still not satisfied,[4] and the monoxylon was soon outmoded by the coracle, an interesting craft, made of a framework of split rods covered with bullock

[3] "Remus (legend) 23-689a": somehow mixed up with Romulus; "Remus, Mich., 18-372(E6)": pop. 360; "Remus, Uncle (Henry Cabot Lodge, pseud.)": not listed.

[4] Is he ever?

hide (corium), and still to be observed in use on some of the Welsh rivers, notably the Towy and the Teifi.

After the coracle, we come to Coraës (Koraïs), Adamantios,[5] (1784-1833) the Greek scholar and patriot. Born at Smyrna, the son of a merchant, he early distinguished himself as a student of ancient Greek. After a brief interval, during which he busied himself with the management of his father's establishment at Amsterdam, he retired to Montpellier,[6] where he made many translations of medical works into French, and by his writings did much to purify the Greek tongue. His was a brave life and an eventful one, but unfortunately, in spite of the fact that he resided in Montpellier, only seven miles from the blue

[5] In French, *Diamant Coray.*

[6] A town of southern France, capital of the department of Herault, situated about thirty-one miles south-west of Nimes, on the Paris-Lyons railway. It is the seat of a university, and is noted for its fine squares and promenades. Its principal industries are candles and soap, cotton and woolen goods, chemicals, casks, hosiery and chocolate. Altogether, a charming place, and Coraës lived there until his death (April 10, 1833).

Mediterranean, he seems to have had little to do with boats.

Nevertheless, progress in the design of craft more and more seaworthy, and hence more suitable to man in his ceaseless efforts to combat the ocean's might, had not halted. After Coraës, come Coral, Corallion, Coral-Reefs, Coram, Thomas (1668-1751), Cor Anglais (an instrument of the oboe family, of which there are two very interesting pictures on p. 135, vol. vii), Corato, and Corban, an Aramaic word meaning "a consecrated gift." After the coracle came the Chinese *sanpan*, the *naggar* of the Nile, the Genoese *felucca*, the *caique*, the *lembus*, the *fifie* and the *skaffie* of the Britons, and the Scottish *nabbie*. Some of these may not sound like boats, but boats they were, and all legitimate forerunners of the great Atlantic liners which sail the seas today.

But surely we have quoted enough to prove our contention that man is, almost by instinct, a traveler. Who, for that matter, can look at the queenly steamship of today, steaming

proudly down the harbor surrounded by her myriads of puffing tugboats, or stuck on a sandbar in Ambrose Channel, and think otherwise? The question is, rather, why?

On the answer to this question—or rather (to define the matter more closely) on the correct understanding of the motives impelling man to move from place to place—the whole problem of the future of ocean travel, in large part, depends. Generally, in the past, it has been loosely (and without much sound inquiry into the question) assumed that man travels in order to *go* somewhere. Nothing could be further from the truth. As a matter of fact, I am convinced that the exact reverse is the case.

There comes at some time in every man's life a sense of bewildered futility—at some dark hour a realization of the hopelessness of fate. He has, ordinarily, no understanding of the causation behind this: he only knows, as the phrase is, that things have "gotten him

down," but from the very fact that its causes are in themselves to him indefinable, his gloom is the blacker. A few instances may clarify this.

I know of one man, for example (a Mr. G) who was dressing one evening to go out to a party which promised to be very amusing, when suddenly his eye fell upon the dial telephone on a table in his dressing room. He began idly to wonder what would happen if he were to (1) take the receiver from the hook, (2) dial his own number, and (3) replace the receiver on the hook. Unfortunately,[7] he decided to try this out.

He performed operations 1, 2 and 3 as indicated, and then he stood there, his shirt half fastened, waiting; and as he waited, he began to sweat, to tremble, and his heart to swell and stop, his whole being to shrivel in the grip of a strange terror: he was coming to understand, too late, what he had done! He realized that if the telephone should ring, he would thereby be brought, naked and alone, beyond all possi-

[7] Or perhaps fortunately. I have no particular bias in the matter.

bility of subterfuge or evasion, face to face with himself, and the thought anguished him.

As he waited, the telephone, curiously enough, *did* ring! On later investigation it developed that it was not himself calling him at all, but a young lady, quite unknown to him, who was under the mistaken impression that he was a Mr. Argelfeister, a delicatessen store proprietor whose number differed only slightly from his, and from whom she wished to order half a dozen bottles of Seeley's Dry and a couple of lemons, right away.

Her error, however, had no bearing on the ultimate result. Long before the facts came out, Mr. G had packed his belongings and was on his way to Europe, where he spent several months wandering among the historic scenes of the French château country, starting nervously every time he heard a bell ring. All this time, as well, he was a prey to the obsession that the telephone was ringing, ringing, in his empty apartment in New York, and that he himself was on the wire. When he returned, he

found that he dared not reënter the place, and he immediately departed for Europe again, with the same dismal result. It is just one of those problems which arise in our present-day scheme of things.

Or take the case of a prominent business man in New York, Mr. M, whose custom it was to ride home up Park Avenue at the close of each business day, and who in consequence got himself involved in a problem so complex that it is almost impossible to set it down here, though we must try. Roughly, it is a kind of mixture of the Einstein theory, as popularly regarded, and the well-accepted axiom that time is money.

At any rate, Mr. M began to worry about the fact that very often, on the trip uptown, other motor cars outdistanced the one in which he happened to be riding. Now, if time is money, obviously the occupant of the more rapidly moving car (which before we ourselves get tangled up we had better begin calling car A, letting its occupant be A) in gaining time was

also gaining money over Mr. M (riding in car M). This depressed Mr. M considerably. Moreover, as he at once saw, it is merely to restate the same equation in transposed terms to say that from the standpoint of A in car A, Mr. M in car M was not only not advancing but was actually retrogressing—in which case Mr. M was losing money in proportion as M dropped behind A.

Now Mr. M knew to a penny his own income, but he had of course no way of knowing that of A (or B, or C, depending on who passed him). Moreover, try as he would, he could never figure out whether his loss was represented by the sum of his and A's earning power per second per second, or by their difference. However, even taking the lesser figure of the two, he soon saw that he was losing money faster than he could ever hope to earn it.

He became the bane of taxi-drivers, ever urging them to greater and greater bursts of speed. Still his losses continued. On one evening alone, between Thirty-eighth and Forty-

*ONE look at this picture—both the original and the literal reflection—is sufficient to convince the reader that it represents a man who is about to become a confirmed tourist. Travel won't patch up his difficulties, but nothing else will either —and since there is always somewhere else to go to, he can spend a lifetime trying new places. One's handicaps are, of course, not always so obvious as we found it advisable to make them here for students, but in the main the principle remains the same. But once one gets that way of doing things, you can depend upon it that he will keep on trying his character in new places, and will be continually surprised anew at the bad fit. Let us not sneer, however, for vast fleets have been constructed out of this predicament.*

seventh Streets, he lost $73,964, when Mr. Owen D. Young, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Morgan and Mr. George F. Baker passed him, all riding in the same motor car, a large Minerva.

From this crushing blow he never recovered. His business had been suffering under the strain; now he began to speculate wildly, hoping to recoup his fortunes. Finally, to avert an impending nervous breakdown, his doctors packed him off to Europe. He was killed the day he landed, when the high-powered motor car in which he was trying to beat the boat-train into Paris left the road and overturned near the town of Mantes. After his death, however, I am glad to report that his business picked up again, under the capable management of a Mr. I. S.

There are many similar instances which might be cited, but doubtless already the astute reader will have guessed the direction of my argument. It is, simply, that people travel, not from a desire to visit new places, but to escape the old—not to *go*, but to *get away*. Our

first sea-farer launched his brush raft and plied his crude paddle, not so much to see what lay across the lake, as to duck out from some situation on his own side that was rapidly getting too much for him, and the modern traveler embarks on one of our palatial steamships, catering as they do to every creature comfort, offering indeed every luxury—of *cuisine*, of *appointement*—that the most discriminating can demand on land, with much the same intention.

What, then, of the future of ocean travel? Obviously, it depends, not so much on the number of people who want to get away,[8] as on whether or not they can actually do so, in any sense other than the merely geographical —whether, in short, they will or will not find the same conditions repeated wherever they may go. Viewed from this standpoint, things

[8] In New York City alone, last year, it is estimated that there were 35,007,391 people who wanted to "get away from it all." Inasmuch as the population of New York City is only 6,832,426, the conclusion is unavoidable that many persons wanted to get away twice, and in many cases, probably, two or three times.

look pretty bad. Like one mighty theme song, a dull uniformity is over-spreading the earth, and the voices which rise in its praise are the same,[9] and are heard in the same awed adoring intonation.

The cases cited above are typical. For though it may be objected that Mr. G and Mr. M are but isolated instances, taken from a nation as great and populous as our own, they are, in a larger sense, representative of the two great classes into which all mankind may be divided. M is the hard, practical type —the executive, if you will; G is the romantic, the dreamer. Both went abroad, and look what happened to them.

Now G, for example (his first name was Albert), might have had some hope of relief had he gone in 1910, when there were only 17,369 telephones in France. Today there are 7,852,309, or one every two blocks, an increase of 8,374%, so what chance did Mr. G

[9] Except for the mere matter of vowel sounds, depending on the various languages.

have? Or Mr. M? Or, for that matter, Mr. D, or Mr. T,[10] or Mr. F, to mention a few at random? The answer, of course, is, none.

A number of solutions have been offered, of varying merit. One, sponsored by the Berlitz School, is the adoption of Esperanto, which would have the advantage of doing away with note 9. But perhaps the most interesting is that advanced by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., or somebody with a name something like that. His idea was that if people must travel, let them do it all at once, and his suggestion was to transport all the inhabitants of Europe to the United States, and, at the same time, all the inhabitants of the United States to Europe. His project, I gather, offered no explanation of the advantages, if any, to be derived from this exchange: as far as I can make out, he simply thought it would be a good thing to try.

Certainly, something must be done, and that at once. Otherwise, the conclusion is in-

[10] An extremely interesting case, but one which would be too distressing to the reader to be set down here. It was all on account of a woman.

evitable that as time goes on, ocean travel will decline, the American flag will vanish from the seas, more and more people will stay at home, and be ten times as discontented about it.

ROBERT M. COATES

## QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS

Why is it less important in bridge conversation to go to Paris than to have been to Paris?

What were you avoiding at home the last time you went abroad?

Recount your dismay on arriving in Venice and finding that you were your same dismal old self after all.

Why is it advisable to be rude and boisterous and generally obnoxious during your tour of Europe?

Describe your indignation on finding that the best hotel room in Munich could no longer be rented for three million marks, or twelve cents, a day.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

ROBERT M. COATES, known to New York literary circles as "The Kansas Cookie," is by profession a railway-timetable-compiler, and by avocation a sand-sculptor at Coney Island. He derives the in-

spiration for the books, novels, plays, poems he is incessantly writing chiefly by listening over the radio, though he admits with a boyish grin to the interviewer, and even to people who have no intention of interviewing him, that "the ordinary street life of any great American city, so rife of sensation, so compact of human emotion," as Mr. Cortes puts it, is "a fertile field for the novelist."

"I think this country is in for the greatest artistic boom the world has ever seen," is another statement of his which has often converted large gatherings of eager, intent listeners to a state of virtual lethargy. He has large dark eyes, a lithe athletic figure and has a large collection of Chinese waffle-irons in his pent-house atop the United Cigar Store building (the one at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Eleventh Street, although he has a pent-house atop every United Cigar Store building, as far as that goes). He had measles when a child, and perhaps for this reason retains to this day an avid interest in any kind of shell-fish.

On one occasion, while walking down Arbutus Avenue in Colorado Springs, one of the cities claiming to be his birthplace, he turned to a man nearby, who happened to be selling imported German silver watches out of a satchel, and demanded,

"What time is it?" This chance remark is perhaps more illustrative of his artistic philosophy than reams of words would be—in spite of his penchant for reams of words.

He is the author of *Lavinia Lavoris*, a novel which was later made into the musical comedy "Billy B. Watson and his (30) Broadway Belles (30)"; a book of aphorisms, *The Use Of Steel Truss Framing In Lighthouse Construction*, which was later made into the motion picture, "Jungles of Sin"; and a collection of critical essays entitled *Summer Tours For The Motorist*, which was later made into a cough-remedy and widely sold as a patent-medicine. Altogether a personality at once complicated and explicit, naïve and age-old in wisdom, is this curious man, half engineer, half pure elf—Roland M. Crotes, Builder of Bridges. —*Ed.*

# ANTHROPOS: *or the Future of Art*

SCENE: *one-half of the dim interior of a hemispherical cave. In the foreground —to the audience's left, three uncouth infrahuman creatures smothered in filthy skins squat, warming their gnarled paws at what was once a fire— to the audience's right, a naked man (his back toward the trio) is cautiously, with a few crude painting tools, outlining some monster on the upcurving wall before him. In the central background hangs a curtain of skins: somewhere behind this curtain, a sequence of rattling gushing hissing rumbling clanking noises repeats itself without interruption.*

*1st Infrahuman Creature* (*staring at the embers, speaks grayly*): Well, as I was saying . . .

*2nd* (*ditto*): Ugh-huh.

*3rd* (*ditto*): I know what you mean, G.

(*A pause. All three stare dully at the embers. The naked man continues to paint, warily and precisely, on the wall before him.*)

*2nd Infrahuman Creature:* What we need is a slogan.

*1st:* Absolutely.

*3rd:* That's talking, O, my boy.

*1st:* You're on the right track, O.

(*Another pause. The three stare. The outline grows.*)

*3rd Infrahuman Creature:* How do you like this?

*1st:* Which?

*3rd:* "The Taboogeyman'll get you if you don't watch out."

*2nd:* Too long, D, too long.

*1st:* And much too true.

(*Another pause. The three stare. Planes begin.*)

*2nd Infrahuman Creature:* I have an idea.

*1st:* No!

*3rd:* Let's hear it, O.

*2nd:* "Save your sorrows for tomorrows."

*1st:* Pretty weak (*To 3rd*): What do you say, D?

*3rd:* Sure. They want something more positive.

(*Another pause. The three stare. Tones build.*)

*1st Infrahuman Creature:* Here's a beaut.

*2nd:* Ye-ay-uh?

*1st:* "Get wise to yourself."

*3rd:* Nn-nn.

*2nd:* Too matter-of-fact.

*3rd:* You must interest their imaginations, G.

*2nd:* They're just children after all, you know.

(*Another pause. The three stare. Masses coalesce.*)

*3rd Infrahuman Creature:* Listen.

*1st:* Well?

*3rd:* "Time is money."

*1st:* Nothing doing.

*2nd:* We've got to kid 'em along. (*To 1st*): Haven't we, G?

*1st:* Remember, D, they have sensibilities.

*2nd:* Why not appeal to their higher natures, eh?

*1st* (*to 2nd*): That's the stuff, O; give 'em something ideelistic.

(*Another pause. The three stare. Volumes poise.*)

*2nd Infrahuman Creature:* I've thought of a peach!

*1st:* Fire away, O.

*2nd:* "It's crucified."

*1st:* Rotten.

*3rd:* No punch.

*1st:* Insipid.

*3rd:* Lacks pep.

*1st:* Too psychological.

*3rd:* They wouldn't understand it.

(*Another pause. The three stare. Color weaves.*)

*1st Infrahuman Creature:* Zowie!
*2nd:* Shoot, G!
*3rd:* Spit it out, G, old man!
*2nd:* Come clean!
*3rd:* Make it snappy!
*2nd:* Shake a leg!
*3rd:* Let's go!
*1st:* "Nothing succeeds like success."
*2nd:* AWFUL.
*3rd:* I should say NOT.

(*Another pause. The three stare. The elephantine design has not quite achieved itself—the man hesitates, perplexed.*)

*All Three Infrahuman Creatures* (*simultaneously*): I GOT IT! (*They leap up.*)
*1st:* "Ev-
*2nd:* O-
*3rd:* Lution."
*All Three:* HOORAY! (*They advance toward the footlights, patting each other on the back and shaking hands.*)
*1st:* Gee—that's SWELL!
*2nd:* O—BOY!

*3rd:* De—CIDEDLY!

*1st:* Let's call 'em in: what do you say?

*2nd:* Sure thing!

*3rd:* Posi-tively! (*All three, facing the audience, whistle shrilly through their fingers—whereupon a muttering snarling grunting squeaking jabbering mob of hide-smothered infrahuman dwarfs angrily seethes down the center aisle toward the footlights.*)

*1st Infrahuman Creature* (*straightening*): At-

*2nd* (*ditto*): Ten-

*3rd* (*ditto*): Tion! (*The onrushing mob freezes into a silent mass whose units punctually and simultaneously salute—the salute is languidly returned by the trio.*)

*1st Infrahuman Creature:* Men—the war will soon be over!

*2nd:* Evolution is our ally!

*3rd:* Three cheers for Evolution!

*Mob:* RAH—RAH—RAH.

*1st Infrahuman Creature:* About—face! (*The mob obeys.*)

*2nd:* Forward—

*3rd:* March! (*Exit the silent mob, marching up the center aisle in good order.*)

*1st* (*relaxing*): Whew!

*2nd:* Pretty neat, the way they took it—eh?

*3rd:* I'll say so! (*The naked man, who has neither heard nor seen the preceding action, lays down carefully his painting tools, casts a brief look at his uncompleted work and walks briskly upstage toward the curtain of hides which hangs in the central background.*)

*1st* (*catching sight of the man for the first time, recoils and shrieks*): Look! (*He points. The man, surprised, pauses.*)

*2nd* (*looking, screams*): Help!

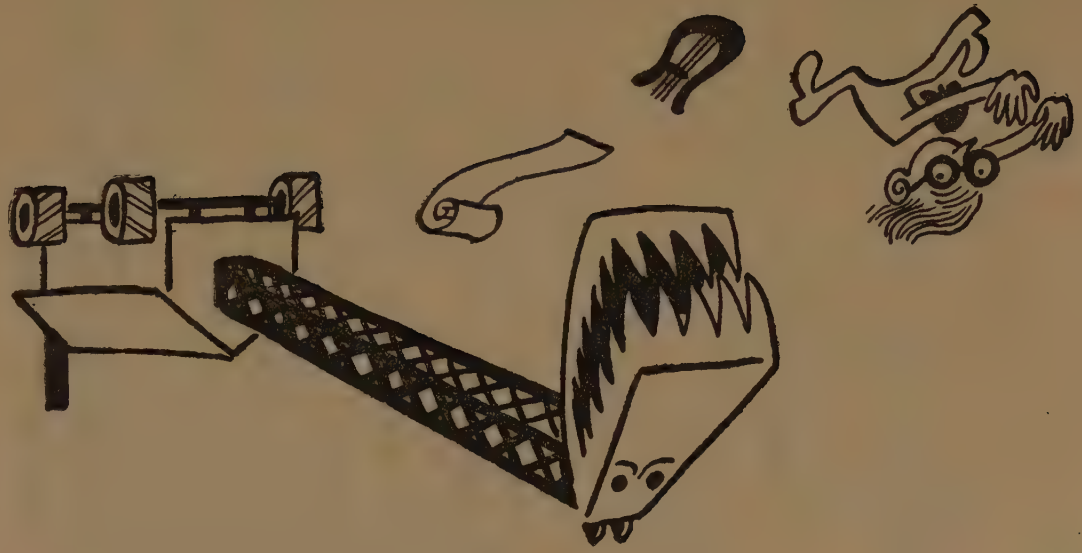
*3rd* (*seeing, starts violently*): What the hell is that thing doing!

*Man* (*shrugging his shoulders*): I'm stuck.

*1st Infrahuman Creature* (*to 2nd and 3rd*): What does it mean: "Stuck"?

*2nd* (*to 1st and 3rd*): How the devil did it get in, anyway?

*IT is no secret that the dinosaur of the future will be a dredging machine, and that man will have to throw down his harp of song and his scroll of learning to flee from these ungainly and omnivorous beasts. Furthermore, as is clear from the picture, deforestation at that time will be complete, so the fleeing human will have no trees on which to climb out of danger. It is a clinching argument that the present Symposium fills a crying need.*



*3rd* (*to 1st and 2nd*): Where does it think it's going?

*Man* (*nodding toward the background curtain*): I've got to have another look. (*He makes for the curtain.*)

*1st Infrahuman Creature* (*plucking up courage*): Wait a decade! (*The man pauses.*)

*2nd:* What's the big idea?

*3rd:* "Another look" at which?

*Man* (*nodding toward the background curtain*): That mammoth.

*1st Infrahuman Creature* (*mystified*): "Mammoth"?

*2nd* (*horrified*): What "mammoth"?

*3rd* (*anguished*): Where?

*Man* (*pointing to the curtain*): Outside, there.

*1st Infrahuman Creature* (*uncomprehendingly*): "Outside"—?

*2nd* (*incredulously, to 1st and 3rd*): Does it mean there are still mammoths?

*3rd* (*stupefied, to 1st and 2nd*): Doesn't it realize ages have elapsed?

*Man* (*arms akimbo, frowns*): What are you three freaks talking about?

*1st Infrahuman Creature* (*ardently*): Civilization!

*2nd* (*fervently*): Emancipation!

*3rd* (*enthusiastically*): Progress!

*Man* (*grins*): Don't try to kid me!

*1st Infrahuman Creature* (*earnestly*): No, reely!

*2nd* (*pompously*): It's the Ford's truth!

*3rd* (*solemnly*): So help me Lenin!

*Man* (*still grinning*): Yes? (*Stepping crisply to the curtain, he seizes it and yanks it aside —revealing a jagged cave-mouth and, beyond, a sunlit excavation wherein a solitary rattling gushing hissing rumbling clanking steamshovel is rotating and plunging and rearing and wheeling and spewing.—The trio of infrahuman creatures, speared by instreaming sunlight, yells: the man, quickly half-turning, lifts one hand in an imperious gesture of warning, and whispers*): Sh!

*1st Infrahuman Creature* (*its teeth chattering with terror*): What the—

*Man* (*scowling, whispers imperiously*): Don't scare him!

*2nd Infrahuman Creature* (*quaking*): "Scare him"—?

*3rd* (*tottering*): "Scare"—who?

*Man* (*cautiously indicating the steamshovel, whispers*): That mammoth! (*Confidentially*): They're very timid! (*Stealthily falls on hands and knees: whispers*): So long! (*Warily creeps through the cave-mouth, and onward in the direction of the steamshovel: occasionally halting, to flatten himself on the earth.*)

*1st Infrahuman Creature* (*flabbergasted, to 3rd*): Ugh-huh. (*Tearing himself from the spear of sunlight, he cringes to the fire; the third follows suit: both squat, quivering, warming their gnarled paws and staring at the embers.*)

*2nd* (*dumbfounded*): I know what you mean. (*Slinking up the sunspear to the very cave-*

*mouth, he violently pulls the curtain—the entire cave darkens: he staggers to the embers, squats, shuddering; stares.)*

*3rd (grayly, to itself):* Well, as I was saying . . .

E. E. CUMMINGS

## QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS

Name three Cro-Magnon slogans.
Why was Evolution deemed advisable?
Give a brief outline of human progress from caveman to cake-eater.
Describe the trend of the world before Evolution. After Evolution.
What would Darwin have done without Evolution?
Are your friends the survival of the fittest?

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

ONE AWKWARD morning in the year of grace ——, an analeroticallyminded cop unhappycomelucklessly patrolling his almost defunct beat narrowly missed the first indications that E. E. Cummings was born in a sleeping steamshovel of Lettish-Hybiscus parents on the upper side of St.

John's Avenue somewhere between 1893 and 1895th streets, or precisely where "Small's Paradise" still stands. Taking a leaf from the schoolbook of his compatriot Homer, Ulianov (as they called it) promptly disappeared for some reason, preferring to spend the better part of each decade in a different toeandheelery where, imperceptibly but irrevocably, the child's Bonaparte was formed. From this it was only a step to Oxford. After creating an extranational incident by elaborately refusing to stroke the soi-disant crew, our coxswain found himself frequently decorated by the Queen of Noumania and about to become a mucker. Centuries passed (as they will) but still the boy remained true to himself (as they will) producing every so often a whole series of little classics or classicettes such as *Play in Regress, a Comedy of Errors* and *Idle Tears L. Yut, or Grama Stoops to Folly*. Meanwhile a new generation was sowing its proverbial hay, prices steadily mounted prices, Rome took Carthage over Hoover's veto and Old Black Jack no longer sat on the Young Kentucky Home. Came the Great War. Instantly Cummings abandoned writing and threw himself with all the elasticity of Paris artists into fourleafcloverraising (among which several specimens between .00001 cm. long

and with their eyes tight open were captured by Fabre and synthetically reconstructed out of Snowflake Axlegrease). The climax, however, shortly arrived on December 52th, when an intimate dinner tendered by Vanity Fair to Theodore Rosenfeld became an outstanding raceriot as Mr. Cummings (under pressure) produced a theoretically working model of the first mimeoninnygraph in existence. To his genius humanity also owes the rubber match, the painless perspiration, the ottocant, the interplanetary rocketchair, the nearbeardless corkscrew, the telemicrophonoscope, leban, elliptical banking and in fact practically everything, whichever its nature may be, that makes (or tends to make) that which we so loosely call our modern civilization. that which we so loosely call our modern civilization. But the end was not yet. Demising by proxy with full millinery dishonours, this unique figure of all time willed his immense fortune to an obscure gull who had unwittingly done him a spontaneous and otherwise totally unexpected favor, thereby rendering a new skimmer (fully patented, if not exactly invented, by that great Esquimaux humanist, obstetrician and gunsmith: G. B. Borsalino) plausible. He was buried alive in Harvard (1912-15).—*Ed.*

## FUGUE : *or the Future of Frozen Music*

The bane of every analytical work is the necessity of definitions. Yet let us venture one. The American architecture of the future is to be the American architecture of tomorrow. It is to be memorial, progressive, charming, almost monastic, cheerful, homelike, conspicuous, convenient, rustic and functional. In fact, it is to be both one thing and the other.

The cities of the future are to be more and more like countrysides, better planned as places to get out of. Our commuters' dormitories are to be made to look as though one stayed at home in them. The countryside of the future is to be more and more suburban, while

the suburbs are more and more subdivided and the suburbanites take to the woods. In this way, the present unseemly extremes of topography will be eliminated, and our landscape will show a wholesome uniformity and standardization in keeping with the minds of our citizens.

Already, in any American city, he who seeks in our memorial parks wholesome respite from artificiality may discover entrancing approximations of nature created with the stroke of the hand of a landscape architect by means of shrubs, reservoirs, nursery trees, song birds and half-eaten sandwiches. Let the beauty-lover gaze at the prize snapshots in our Sunday papers, and he can scarcely imagine these to have been taken. So great, indeed, has been the progress that he who seeks at a fifty-mile radius from our cities to avoid the lovers of nature thronging our great parkways may at any moment, as he walks along thinking of nothing in particular, eating grass and knocking the heads off flowers, be reminded by lim-

ousinesful of beauty lovers that he is within fifty miles of the heart of one of our great heartless cities.

But let not these vistas blind us to the lack of space which forbids further survey of the general field. Dr. Edgell's [1] profound analysis of our domestic architecture cannot fail to remain profound in the future: "Though some of the houses are on a monumental scale, and some are very small, the vast majority are of moderate size." The future private home, or residence, will be of modest appearance, but by no means humble, and in every way calculated to produce a feeling of dignity, ease and restraint—with a tendency to ramble, giving the feeling of antiquity and at the same time well adapted to modern needs, with an informal, cozy effect which frankly admits a debt to the past. It will encourage only the best adjectives.

The sense of refinement, if not permitted

[1] Many statements throughout our essay are frankly based on Harold Edgell's gentlemanly book, *The American Architecture of Today.*

to stiffen into too rigid a conservatism, is one of the most precious heritages of American architecture—which, grounded firmly on this basis, can have no merit of necessity in originality. We admit that every work of great merit has in its day been original. But need we permit matters of yesterday to disturb our faith in tomorrow? If we go to the essence of the matter, if we recall that fundamentally architecture is but a means of keeping out of the rain, we shall realize that originality is unnecessary. The original does not always prove progressive; and though the progressive is not always good, it is always better. The precocity of architecture proves its practicality. To be precocious is to seem old before one's time. So long as the honest, rustic charm of an interior frankly based on a seventeenth century New England kitchen is recognized as appropriate to our life, just so long the sport of hunting antiques and the art of aging wood while you wait will keep pace with face-lifting and rejuvenation.

Up to the present time, although we have steadily advanced in the happy use of purely local material, generations have had to wait expectantly for the patina to appear. In the future the marvels of modern transportation can assemble stones from the four quarters of the globe to furnish a texture more charming than any a single quarry could afford, which by a bath in acid will reproduce overnight more charm than that of age itself. Ivy-clad walls can be imported; ruins can spring up overnight. Built of elements as typically European as possible, honest, straightforward and delightful, at once airy and sheltered, almost monastic in expression, attaining a real homogeneity without losing variety and picturesqueness, with workmanship purposely made as crude as possible, with the pleasantest effect of study, seemingly unstudied, of a true originality expressed in a vocabulary frankly archæological yet repeating no known historic examples, monumental as well as picturesque, with textures a delight to the eye—

this is what we are to have. Domestic architecture will possess the charm of an old-world cottage, without the slightest pretense of being anything but what it is; it will be quaint, delicious in expression, picturesque in silhouette and yet well planned, up-to-date in its appointments and entirely suited to the needs of a modern owner, making the most of old bricks and modern demands until one senses the domesticity, the privacy—the aristocratic economy of means that proudly avoids self-advertisement and attains to the maximum of cheapness without abating the straightforward charm bordering on the theatrical, but is none the less attractive, and above all—interesting.

Even as the accuracy of this analysis is to be corroborated by reference to any real-estate promoter's prospectus, so is the future of domestic American architecture apparent today from any automobile window. Here in our homes we rest secure from modern confusion, safe under the guidance of the well-known examples of pure colonial and the picturesque

*ARCHITECTURE in Flower. Or, seen from another point of view, The Human Note in Architecture. Or yet again, Man, Skyscraper, and Daisy, a Synthesis of the Future. One of the most encouraging things about our civilization is that, whereas everybody has a place to live in and a place to work in, building construction is one of our major industries. This means quite simply that we are to have toys a hundred stories high. They will be great big boxes of tricks, paradoxes in granite, steel and concrete conceits, massive marble quips. They will be humorous, moody, suggestive, indecent, playful, glowering, dissolute, overhanging, underslung, and changeable. What occurs to somebody, somebody else will assemble an army of architects, engineers, steelworkers, and outfitters to make heavily permanent. Architecture will take the place of cake decorating.*

charms of Anglo-India, pre-Columbian Mexico, Spain, Italy, France, England and Japan. The baleful influence of Hunnish forms has been eliminated. The day is not distant when the excrescences of an unchastened Victorian period shall have been eradicated. In their stead, in many places, skyscrapers shall rise aspiring to the skies; in others, homes shall bear witness to the gratifyingly refining influence of architectural magazines.

## 2.

Modernism can be new but need not be insane. The boudoir of tomorrow is not doomed to look like the bathroom of today (the Germans will always take things too seriously). Bathrooms are to look like boudoirs. Ballrooms are to be more like dining saloons. Dining rooms are to be more like quick lunches. Quick lunches are to be more like Spanish patios, banks are to be more like banks, and while pharmacies are to be more like department

stores, our art museums of the future are to be more like clinics. Within, economy of space shall afford more and more absolutely ideal conditions for the collection of photographs and the study of authentic paintings. Already, thanks to the guidance of the X-ray, art connoisseurs are no longer to be satisfied by spurious and meretricious imitations of Cimabue.

100% coöperative domestic office buildings, owned by persons not only of wealth but of taste and refinement, palatial yet exquisite, magnificent yet unostentatious are in the future to be taken as the social and artistic equals of the old-fashioned flat. Memorial model working-men's cottages and memorial country clubs are both to spring indigenously from the soil, so modestly as to conceal their real luxury, built frankly to look two hundred years old in such a manner as to strike us not merely with homely comfort, but with picturesqueness and real beauty as well.

Lack of space compels us, however reluctantly, to leave the subject of art museums

and semi-public domestic architecture. Although upon consideration it might seem that to call the Woolworth Building the "Cathedral of Commerce" is exactly comparable to calling Canada Dry the "Champagne of Ginger Ales," still even so aspiring a structure as the Woolworth Building cannot hold a candle to more actual cathedrals of commerce reared by more actual prelates of commerce—the Broadway Tabernacles of tomorrow. The American church of the future will be a monumental memorial skyscraper. And how many memorial windows will this *partie* afford! As these can give but little light, it will be well if they be lighted from within, for the result will be truly original and, in effect, that of Beauvais Cathedral turned inside out.

The analogy is soul-inspiring between aspiring Gothic and the aspiring skyscraper. German critic-photographers have done our most idealistic country an injury by encouraging our practical, humdrum, useful structures. They would have the skyscraper reveal the

construction which makes it possible. But they are seduced by logic, which is a notoriously poor form of seduction. Structural revelation may, of course, always be applied, but there is no necessity which imposes it, and new perfect solutions may be found in other ways. In a land where simplicity is not a constant, and citizens of both sexes always do two things at once—making love and going to the movies, housework and radio, apple pie and ice cream —art will develop hand in hand with the future.

The new university is to be a skyscraper, and not a skyscraper merely but a memorial skyscraper to learning—aspiring to the skies. Our youth will not, as in these *laissez-faire* days, hear lectures in lecture rooms arranged horizontally *en suite*, but vertically *en suite;* nothing deters this flight now that fundamental principles underlying the expression of elevator cars in the vocabulary of early Italian, low German, old French, Tudor English, Provençal Middle English, Gothic Anglo-Saxon,

and old Norse are as thoroughly understood as Greek, Latin and Byzantine. Even should the elevator car remain perpendicular and decorated, by a simple progression through an angle of 90° the cross section is to become as it were a cross section of a plan. Hence the metaphysical implication of the profoundly significant development of (1) the exterior-interior and (2) the interior-exterior. (Examples: the Alice Foote MacDougall restaurant on 140th St. and the Chanin Building bottom stories.)

In the future, functionalism, thanks to the machine, need not be the *bête noir* it has been. Machines make planning less and less necessary. All this shows an encouraging tendency toward pure abstract beauty of significant form. Artificial light and air will eliminate orientation from Occidental architecture and our new fortress-like towns of the future are to rise sheer above the pavements, their aspiration upward, unmitigated by any apertures.

The new skyscraper is to be monumental

—monumental and aspiring. It is unfortunate only that the views thus afforded will never be seen; but when skyscrapers are built without windows, the lobbies will be made to appear more and more like street scenes in the old quarter of New Orleans. Not only temples, amphitheaters, and colonnades, but also Spanish hill towns and Coteswold villages, will be reared on the summits of the new city of tomorrow. Within the magic caverns of its mountains, cycloramic landscapes of the vegetable, animal and mineral worlds are to be played upon by prismatic chroma and are to emit vocally the world's best literature, thus making foreign travel quite unnecessary. Then students can remain at home to engage in serious work, and lectures on European art can be illustrated exclusively by photographs of American examples of the historic styles. Our medieval Unitarian churches and palatial Renaissance public libraries are in better taste than the naive prototypes which inspired them. The art of the European past now seems

quite out-of-date and almost behind the times.

## 3.

Criticism, and above all architectural criticism, should be constructive, not destructive. The skyscraper stands or falls on its artistic merit. It is the result of American invention, American daring, American engineering skill; it expresses American genius in architecture. The future of architecture in America is to be an American future, and American architecture, which for a generation has been entering upon a renaissance—a new birth—will be hailed in the American future as a great American epoch. American architecture is to continue to create American ideals, and to give the impression of unlimited wealth handled with the taste and restraint of intellectual good breeding—that is to say, not to look its cost too obviously. Refinement can be charming even when carried out into modernism. Modernism, kept in harmony with wholeheartedly

classical design, need not break the refinement of perfect proportion, artistic formality, monumental beauty and artistic mystery. Imagination may spice, season or pepper archæology and, so long as playfulness be excluded, may help us to avoid the lifelessness that now mars our otherwise thoroughly vital buildings.

The practical side of architecture is not a mere æsthetic liability. The two sides are connected. Indeed, the circulation between them is readily apparent. Thus, as our monumental exteriors are to be treated in color, they will have to be sand-blasted more frequently with a great increase of refinement resulting to the carving. The new interior will be blonder and blonder, yet the improvement of vacuum cleaners will eliminate the dirt pumped in from the oil furnaces by the ventilating systems. Our furnace rooms will be more like parlors and our parlors more thoroughly heated. But lack of space has already compelled us to omit all further mention of domestic architecture.

A building which has beauty needs no justification if only it be not mechanical or in any way meretricious. In theory it may be original, but in practice it must be restrained and reposeful. Its universal acclaim will be the proof of the taste of its admirers. However novel in conception, unusual or original, it must be exquisite as well as conspicuous, avoiding all suspicion of elaborate ornament. Example after example of refinement—classic, tranquil—will mark the great future, until the whole wide country will be permanent and dignified, and almost wholly unnoticeable except to the trained eye. The new America is to approximate the new cemetery. There is obviously a great future in cheerful grave stones and home-like mausoleums.

Where in the past we have used six columns (New York Public Library), we shall, in the future, use eight (New York Public Library after Hasting's proposed alterations). Whereas that façade which hitherto has been considered as the front elevation permits of only eight

columns (Lincoln Memorial in Washington), we shall, by turning the side elevation to the front, follow the truly original example of that monument, and shall secure at first glance the dignity of twelve columns in a row, which is so overwhelming that the disappointment attendant on entering the building or viewing it from a corner is truly negligible, and should be ignored.

The New York Post Office displays almost as many columns as can well be placed next to one another on a single city block, but the future is susceptible to infinite progress once we throw two blocks into one. We dare not suggest such a colonnade as the ultimate treatment for hot dog stands along the Lincoln Transcontinental Highway, for the resulting effect, like the Grand Canyon, might prove to be almost too overpowering in its grandeur. The official memorial architecture of the nation as it is to be seen in the better banks, World Fairs and the National Capitol, has already attained a perfection Roman in its grandeur

though all classic ornament be omitted—chaste with severity, yet without coldness.

Progress in this direction will move over to filling and comfort stations, which need not necessarily be based on the dominant types of suburban architecture, but with myriad columns will dwarf the ant-like humans who mount the monumental ramps, between lions as large as elephants, between the columns as tall as sequoias, through the doorway as tall as the Chrysler Building, across the hallway that occupies ten city blocks, until at last they pass through the only human-sized doorway in this vast structure—the only door marked "Men."

JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT

## QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS

Can the Doric column be applied to the aeroplane?

Since architecture has been called "frozen music", describe buildings of the future under the Frigidaire and quick-freezing processes.

Distinguish between Art Moderne in the Bronx and art in the Beaux Arts.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT has never been idle. He drew in his infancy and differs from other men in never having given it up. In 1885 the earliest drawings of his childhood illustrating the pumpkins which ornamented the Thanksgiving table of his grandfather's new Queen Anne Japanese Romanesque residence were negligently left on the seat of an open trolley car in Chicago—and blew away. Every evidence the buildings of Sullivan and Wright present indicates their inspiration from these drawings, as do also the illustrations to Frank Baum's books on the Land of Oz.

Soon the little shaver struck upon a time-saving device, that of taking photographs of photographs and tracing them so skillfully that no one could believe them not to be originals. One series was of Gothic and the other of Renaissance monuments, whose influence upon McKim and Cram is unquestionable. At about the same time, by pasting into one design several different photographs of Georgian buildings, John Brooks Wheelwright contrived a background for family groups which no one distinguished from a Colonial mansion. Much to the boy-artist's gratification, such composite Georgian

designs became very popular and neutralized the unfortunate influence of his earlier drawings which had, as we have already seen, resulted in the execution of American buildings differing in appearance from any in the Colonies of Great Britain.

Wheelwright's first commission was won in competition for a lead pencil company's show window display. A Greek temple which won the award of a brand new toadstabber differed in no important particular from the Plymouth Rock canopy or the Roosevelt Memorial.

The nervous breakdown which threatens all architects who have the temerity to look on their executed designs did not spare Wheelwright. There is no doubt that at one stage of his European rest tour he exclaimed in the courtyard of the Dresden Zwinger that he could see nothing decadent, improper or depraved in the pavilions which surrounded him. Two gentlemen crossing the courtyard in opposite directions must have overheard the remark, for one of them, Geoffrey Scott, began ruminating upon his *Architecture of Humanism* just as the other, Oswald Spengler, began to collect material for the architectural filling of his great historical sandwich. But Wheelwright had just thrown out the remark casually, and was soon

engaged upon a task differing slightly from that of reviving a taste for the Baroque. He returned to America and set busily to work making concrete casts of Chinese embroidery, which he supplied to interior-exterior, exterior-interior, decorators as a new, novel, and Frenchy finish for ornament in period designs including the Scandinavian. Another breakdown ensued upon this achievement and Wheelwright spent one year looking at nothing with more "scale" than the Pitti Palace.

Again he returned to his native land, again he saw the real estate development on Harvard Square, and as he gazed upon the Bursar's Office he exclaimed: "J— C—! if these beggars can make a living at architecture, so can I," and Wheelwright, with commendable if mistaken courage in a man very nearly approaching his fiftieth year, hung out his shingle and cured another nervous breakdown while waiting to hear his clients call him Uncle. His only regret for the profession he has chosen is that, as he takes no interest in engineering or mill construction, the vernacular architecture of his native land will have to struggle along without him.—*Ed.*

## COOLIDGE : *or the Future of History*

**When** Mr. Hankel first informed me of his plan to publish a symposium to end all symposiums, I fell in enthusiastically with his idea: "And who," I asked guilelessly, "is writing on the future of history?" With that combination of steely determination and gracious humor that characterizes great executives and has raised Mr. Hankel to the position of the first citizen of St. Louis, he said, "You are."

I was thunderstruck. With our country literally swarming with college professors, many of them authorities on history, why had he chosen me? I obeyed (for who can withstand Mr. Hankel?) but I could not help wondering. He saw

the question in my eyes, and he replied, in his quizzical Yankee way, with his own questions:

"Were you not the first to inaugurate two pants suits?"

I modestly nodded.

"Did you not originate the slogan, 'Expectoration is a horrid term?' "

"Yes," I replied.

"In your capacity as a Public Relations Counsellor you are a maker of history. That is why I have appointed you to write the Future of History."

And that, with a little discussion of royalty terms, second serial rights, etc., terminated our interview. I turned to my task,

## II

Which might have been a very difficult one for me but for the happy inspiration of the famous sculptor Getson Bunglum in inviting Ex-President Coolidge to write a five hundred

*OUR silent ex-president, gagged, but making history. The process is simple. For every word he doesn't say, he carves ten on the granite page in front of him. It is fortunate that this great dual personality and Indian impersonator, who lives under the shadow of the Great Stone Face, is to be the father of mountain-history. For if one is going to expand to Cosmopolitan fluency in stone, the manufacturing costs on verbiage are terribly high —and it is best that the pace in eloquence should be set by one who has so successfully specialized in silence, who was the inventor of the unknown slogan, the discoverer of the unspoken, unheard, unwritten, and unsung party platform.*

HIS-
TORY

word history of The United States, to chisel upon Mt. Rushmore. Then was the whole future of history rolled open to me, as a sybil's scroll.

The carving of that five hundred word history will stand in itself as a historical event—the first of the New Histories. If the brevity of this history seems once again to emphasize "Coolidge Economy," it is only right to deny here a dastardly rumor, now current, to the effect that when the promoters of the Mt. Rushmore monument asked the president for a donation of words he examined his contract with one of our great magazines and said, "Gentlemen, five hundred words is all I can spare." While the debunkers of the future would no doubt love to seize upon such an ignoble origin for the greatest revolution in the history of history, we may here set the matter definitely at rest. Five hundred words were determined upon by the promoters before they approached President Coolidge; and the distinguished author showed his generosity by

making most of the 500 words long ones.

Now what is to be the future of the New History? That it has come to stay is certain. But the forms are also certain to change. I venture to say that a hundred years from today, our descendants will smile upon our pioneer efforts. Mountains will have become things of the past. (I mean, of course, as the pages on which histories are inscribed.) Before indicating the new methods which are likely to come into being I will point out the drawbacks of the mountain-monumental method.

In the first place, while a mountain has come to symbolize vastness, it actually offers but a limited surface for inscription. The problem of perspective must be met. There can be but one general area from which the inscription is readable, and the size of the letters is determined by that site. Once the surface is inscribed, it cannot be added to unless we become as the Titans and can pile Ossa upon Pelion.

Then, comparatively few mountains are solid, fourteen carat granite; only a small proportion of these are in accessible locations; and of these, a still smaller proportion have the proper surfaces. Here the element of expense enters; to prepare a mountain surface for an inscription is costly, and it is not likely that tax-payers will stand many appropriations to make mountains readable, even though it means making real at last the beautiful thought of "sermons in stones." (For what else can our history be but an instructive sermon?)

Even if tax-payers were in a giving mood, there is still another difficulty, of a very delicate description. We must remember that Nature is not reverent toward the works of man. Were not nude statues regularly washed, we would blush at the liberties taken by Nature. A mountain, however, is not so easy to clean. I hesitate to say what I am obliged to say; but it is clear that wherever the sculptors provide an opening, the wind will bring soil and seeds;

birds will nest; animals will make their lairs. Trees, particularly the ubiquitous cedars, may grow in embarrassing parts of the four bas reliefs of our great presidents; and equally so in the incisions made by the letters.

Consider the word "people" so often used in President Coolidge's masterpiece. Crows, or eagles, or parrots (I do not pretend to be familiar with the flora and fauna of the Mt. Rushmore region) may build their nests in the letters O and E. In time the two letters will be indistinguishable, and from the distance, spectators will read, "poople." Inevitably suspicion will be cast on the Republican party in whose administration the monument was carved. Socialists and Communists and Democratic demagogues will make a campaign issue of it. "The Republicans call you 'poople,' " they will say. "Are you supine 'poople,' or a proud and erect 'people'?" Here, indeed, is a freak of nature that may change the course of history.

In the second paragraph, President Coolidge writes: "In 1787, assembled in convention, they made a charter of perpetual union." Let us assume that a cedar begins to grow on the first "r" of "charter." It will then read, "A chatter of perpetual union," and all the light-minded and those enemies within who deride our institutions would laugh at what should be sacred words. Indeed, what an opportunity this offers to our dastardly enemies within to do mischief. Carefully studying the inscription, they are likely to steal by night over the face of the monument and to plant trees in the letters so that in time the inscription might read: "In the jear of out Lord 1776 the poople declated the eternal tight to seek sappiness—pelf governmen[redacted] and the diving buty to defend that tight at any sactifico. In 1787 ass[redacted]mbled in convention they made a chatter of potpotual union of ftee poople of sovereign ptates es-t[redacted]blushing a gober[redacted]men[redacted] of libi[redacted]d powers undet an indepe[redacted]dant presidout—([redacted]) gross. and fourt, charged to orobido tho soc[redacted]t-

ity fot all ctttgonsiiy thott onjogment of liborty, oquality, and justigo."

Is this not an outcome to be shuddered at? Is it not clear, therefore, that mountains must in time be abandoned? What, then, will take their place?

My suggestions range between the gigantic and the minute. Why not use skyscrapers instead of mountains? We can make them big enough. The history then will be written in colored brick and from the bottom up. As our history grows, the building grows. When a new chapter is to be added, more floors will rise, our history and our buildings will grow together. Or, the history can be projected by sky writing airplanes on the sky in a rigid smoke that our chemists will invent. The heavens will then be full of our proud records. A citizen will truly be able to see our history writ in heaven. Again, the history can be engraved on our coins, and every man's change pocket can be a library. These are but a few suggestions. I can produce more if the Amer-

ican people (not poople!) demands them of me.

To go back to the matter of length. 500 words will come to be established as a standard of brevity—a very useful thing. There is nothing more chaotic in historical writing than the conception of brevity. Historians have written "outlines" that have no more proportion than the outlines of Paul Whiteman. Brevity is a virtue. Great men have been noted for their terseness. That great Indian leader, Chief Mugwump, was deservedly famous for his remark, "I fix him." Then there is the famous "mot de Cambronne," the single word which covered all situations, "merde." In a way whole careers can be epitomized in significant contrasts. President Wilson wrote a History of the American People. It ran into several volumes. President Coolidge writes a history of the American People. It runs to five hundred words! Judged by this standard we do not need to read *The Education of Henry Adams* to learn that he was a failure. We need only be

told that it took him nine volumes to write the history of The Administrations of Jefferson and Madison. That both Prescott and Parkman were invalids can be told at a glance by the rows of their volumes on the library shelves. That Gibbon was an atheist can be guessed by the length of his Roman History.

Even more significant is the fact—to use the apt expression of Mr. Hankel as applied to me—that history will be taken out of the hands of professors and put where it rightfully belongs, into the hands of the makers of history. Then every field of history will be entrusted to the writers suited to it, the men of action who are not only terse and laconic by nature but who cannot afford the time for more than five hundred words.

The prospect is fascinating. Mr. Doubleday-Doran, for instance, might write a five hundred word History of English Literature; Mr. Duveen a History of Art; Mr. Woolworth a History of Interior Decoration; Mr. Ringling a History of Biology; Aimee Semple McPher-

*THE growth of history. History grows, and turns up a great Who's Who sort of man, who dies. History grows on, until it produces a Who's Who sort of historian, who writes the great man's history. But history, nothing daunted, keeps right on growing, until a Who's Who sculptor and tea-drinker is born, who makes an imposing statue of the great man. Then low-caste birds pause to rest on the sculpture's head, seeds thereby being planted in its nooks and crannies—with the result that history goes right on growing, out of the man's forehead. This is an as yet unsolved weakness in the electric drill as a medium of history-writing.*

son a History of Witchcraft; Mr. Halliburton a History of Travel; Mr. Lee Shubert a History of the Drama; Mr. Squibb a History of Medicine. Need I go on? The possibilities are endless. Let us consider a typical historian of the new school—Mr. Andrew J. Mellon, our modern Alexander Hamilton. His broad intellectual interests cover banking, state administration, electrical utilities, political and other machinery, aluminum, the Income Tax, tariffs, coal and natural gas. A five hundred word history might even be too long, more than is necessary for a genius of this nature who can compress so many successful careers within the span of a single human existence.

Now, as to the value of this reform. My heart beats with pride as I look forward to its incalculable benefits. First of all, it will bring peace to a field of inquiry now torn by strife. The five hundred word history can be authorized by congress, and will take its place beside The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. No longer will historians

wrangle. How often are archeological discoveries announced as likely to revolutionize our concepts of history and all that is altered is a syllable in the name of a king who may never have existed, in a language made up by archeologists. The debates of historians have only been the means of preserving their importance. Now all this will be swept away.

And what a blessed saving of time. I have put the problem before a statistician and he reports to me that after the institution of the 500 word history America will save four and a half centuries, every year!

In schools, there will be no further multiplication of textbooks. Consider the economies that will be possible—and speaking as an ardent conservationist, the millions of trees that will be spared. Children will be taken into the playyard to study in the sky the floating history of their nation—a sublime thought. In time they will have committed to their hearts the entire masterpiece. At a moment's notice they will be able to recite it. Perhaps as an uncanny

premonition of this day, school children who forget their pieces during recitation have always stopped and gazed steadily upward. In the future, when caught in such a predicament, they may see in the sky something more helpful than clouds wandering lonely as Mr. Wordsworth. Then indeed will the spiritual conquest of America by Americans be made. Our country is ours physically, but is it ours culturally? Do the one hundred and twenty million hearts beat as one? Do the one hundred and twenty million minds think as one? Alas no! What better way to achieve unity than by this five hundred word history that can so easily become part of the composition of every one of the hundred and twenty million American minds? Today it is smart to say, "I know very little of American history." In the glorious tomorrow that is to be, even if one wished to say so, it would be impossible. The five hundred immortal words will be engraved upon our minds.

As to the nature of the five hundred word

history, Coolidge's pioneer work may well serve as a model. It has the qualities which distinguish the mind of a man of action who has also had a college education.

Observe the simplicity and directness of this passage:

"In 1787, assembled in convention, they made a charter of perpetual union of free people of sovereign states establishing a government of limited powers—under an independent President—Congress and court charged to provide the security for all citizens in their enjoyment of liberty, equality and justice."

How free this passage is from any straining after literary effects:

"In 1787, assembled in convention, they made a charter of perpetual union of free people of sovereign states establishing a government of limited powers—under an independent President—Congress and court charged to provide the security for all citizens in their enjoyment of liberty, equality and justice."

Yet, the distinguished author does not hesitate to lighten this passage with his well-known wit:

"In 1787, assembled in convention, they made a charter of perpetual union of free people of sovereign states establishing a government of limited powers—under an independent President—Congress and court charged to provide the security for all citizens in their enjoyment of liberty, equality and justice."

Even in a compendium as brief as 500 words, the artist need not feel cramped. Not all mountain histories will be written by Senecas. We shall have our topographical De Quinceys as well. Should considerations of style make it advisable, the declivito-historiographer can expand his statement to almost astonishing lengths, as witness this voluminous and dignified mouthful from the Coolidge Prototype:

"In 1787, assembled in convention, they made a charter of perpetual union of free people of sovereign states establishing a government of limited

powers—under an independent President—Congress and court charged to provide the security for all citizens in their enjoyment of liberty, equality and justice."

How tactfully President Coolidge protects both States rights and Federalism in this passage:

"In 1787, assembled in convention, they made a charter of perpetual union of free people of sovereign states establishing a government of limited powers—under an independent President—Congress and court charged to provide the security for all citizens in their enjoyment of liberty, equality and justice."

And how imaginatively does President Coolidge express himself in this beautiful fantasy:

"In 1787, assembled in convention, they made a charter of perpetual union of free people of sovereign states establishing a government of limited powers—under an independent President—Congress and court charged to provide the security for all citizens in their enjoyment of liberty, equality and justice."

We may fittingly close with thanksgiving to Almighty Providence for so fortunate a concatenation of circumstance as to join a great President, a great sculptor, and a great mountain in providing us with a great history of our country.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

## QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS

Write a mountain-history of the delicatessen store in ten words.

Compose a comprehensive fifteen-word sky-history of the protective tariff, avoiding all heavy words.

How was history written before the invention of the automatic drill?

Why are beasts and wild flowers a menace to the New History?

Tell the size of the letters in the Sermon on the Mount.

What was "poople" before it was bird-ridden?

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

MR. SCHNEIDER is one of the few living *Nativi Boni Optici*, or, *men born wearing tortoise-shell spectacles*. A circus career that promised to rival

that of the famous "What Is It" was blasted by the intervention of the *Children's Aid Society* which packed him off to Harvard at the age of six. Because of this, Mr. Schneider, bitter at being deprived of his one opportunity to become a great man, organized the crusade against philanthropy which has so successfully reduced mission funds and missionaries. In the development of this great work he learned the principles of Public Relations Counseling which he has made his life career. He has promoted two pants suits, artificial perspiration, and flexible collar buttons. When he lost $122,646,341 in the recent stock market crash, he recouped his fortune by his now famous invention, the Suicide Layette. Mr. Schneider wields a facile pen. Among his better-known works are *The Divine Comedy*, *Ruth's Homer*, *Three Men in a Coat*, and *Joe's Boys*. He is also the editor of *The Flapper's Anthology*. Among the periodicals honored by his contributions are the *Breeder's Gazette*, *Hot Dog*, *Town and Country*, *Tidbits*, and the *World Almanac*. Early in 1946 Mr. Schneider purchased the famous pornographic collection of The Society for the Suppression of Vice which he bequeathed to The Old Sailors' Home. His other benefactions include the annual distribution of May-

poles and Christmas trees. Mr. Schneider collects *objets d'arts*. His collection of brassieres is the largest in the world and includes the famous cave-woman brassiere of polished granite found in the caverns of Perpignan. Mr. Schneider was born in Sitka, Alaska, 1952, and died in Nome, Alaska, 1836 B. C. By his morganatic wife, Catherine the Great, he has two sons, Julius the First and Julius the Second, and four daughters, Ingrid, Ongrid, Ungrid and Ibid. He is buried at Arlington, Westminster Abbey, the Pantheon and Point Barrow, so called because of the tumulus erected in his honor. —*Ed.*

# QUO VADIMUS?—*or the Fate of Complexity*

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE—YOU KNOW, LIKE IN THE SUNDAY TIMES MAGAZINE

**A man** approaching me in East Thirty-fourth Street, in the thick of noon, had so queer a look in his eye, such a fudgy and fearful expression, I stopped him.

"Quo vadis?" I asked.

"You mean me?" he said, sheepishly.

"Yes, sure. Quo vadis?" I repeated. "Where the hell are you going?"

"I won't tell you, because you wouldn't understand," he replied.

"Well then," I said, "I'll put it this way: quo vadimus? Where are either of us going?"

He seemed stunned. A woman, shopping,

bumped lightly against him. At length he spoke, in a clear, low, frightened voice.

"I'll tell you where I'm going. I'm on my way to the Crowbar Building, Forty-first and Park, in Pershing Square, named after General Pershing in the Grand Central zone, zone as in Zonite, because I forgot to tell Miss Cortwright to leave a note for Mr. Josefson when he comes in, telling him he should tell the engraver to vignette the halftone on Page forty-three of the salesmen's instruction book that Irwain, Weasey, Weasey & Button are getting out for the Fretherby-Quigley Company, which is to go to all their salesmen on the road."

"What do the salesmen sell?" I said, quietly.

"They sell a new kind of shorthand course, called the Quigley Method of Intensive Speedwriting."

"Very good," I said. "That's just the kind of errand I imagined you to be on. As I understand it, recapitulating, you are on your way to

the Crowbar Building, Forty-first and Park, in Pershing Square named after General Pershing, hero of the song 'Many a cootie came over from France in General Pershing's underpants,' in the Grand Central zone, zone as in Zonite, because you forgot to tell Miss Cortwright to leave a note for Mr. Josefson when he comes in, telling him he should tell the engraver to vignette the halftone on Page forty-three of a booklet that Irwain, Weasey, Weasey & Button are getting out for the Fretherby-Quigley Company, instructing their salesmen how to approach people to sell the Quigley Method of Intensive Speedwriting, which in turn will enable girls like Miss Cortwright to take Mr. Josefson's dictation when he has to send a memo to the engraver telling him not to forget to vignette a halftone in a booklet telling salesmen how to sell shorthand courses. Is that correct?"

"That's where I'm going," said the man.

"Well, aren't you ashamed of yourself!" I cried.

*GENTLEMAN getting all dressed up, so that he will have nowhere to go. He is on the verge of one of those major predicaments which have made Whitherism necessary. Yet he does not suspect it. In ignorance, when he has given the last parting touch to his tie (which will be in about thirty-five minutes) he will actually arise, leave the room, and go somewhere! Without the guidance of the Whitherists, he might never realize the pointlessness of his visit. He might be tricked into having a good time. He might eventually return home in an absurd and wholly unfounded state of exhilaration. This blind sort of living must end!*

"I don't know whether I am or not," he said, with a slight touch of indignation.

"Listen, my friend," I went on, fixing him with my eye, "all you really want is a decent meal when it comes mealtime, isn't it?"

"And a warm place to sleep when it comes night," he added, quickly, almost eagerly.

"Exactly, and a warm place to sleep when it comes night. All right then, don't you think that you, who just want a decent meal when it comes mealtime, and a warm place to sleep when it comes night—don't you think you are pretty far from the main issue if you're on your way to tell a Miss Cortwright to leave a note for a Mr. Josefson telling him to . . ."

He motioned me with his hand to stop. "You needn't go on. Yes, I'm far from the issue, sir," he said. "But I do not know what to do. It must be something about the age—what do they call it, the 'machine' age? This Miss Cortwright. . . . I don't know. This Josefson. . . . I don't know. Nice people I

suppose. It is all so complex. I just drifted into it."

"Exactly," I said. "And it's getting worse, mind you. I predict a bright future for complexity in this country. Did it ever occur to you that there's no limit to how complicated things can get, on account of one thing always leading to another? Did you ever stop to consider how the Cortwrights lead to the Josefsons, and how the Josefsons lead to the engravers? Paths of glory, leading to the engravers, my man. Did you ever stop to think what might happen if people by accident forgot where the whole thing started?"

The man shook his head, very slightly. His eyes were bright but out of focus. I went on, sternly.

"Only the other evening," I said, "I stopped a man on Broadway who had in his face the same look that I detected in *your* face a moment ago. To him, too, I said: 'Quo vadis?' And he, too, told me a story much like yours. He told me, my friend, that he was on his way

to see a Mr. Fitch in the Pari-Mutuel Building, who wanted to get permission to make a talking-picture of an airplane towing a glider in which was seated a man listening to a radio which was receiving a colored dialogue between two men named Amos and Andy who were talking together in order to advertise a toothpaste and the name of the toothpaste was . . ."

"Pepsodent," put in my man.

"Yes, Pepsodent. And that man—all he really wanted, when you came right down to it, was a decent meal when it came mealtime."

"And a warm place to sleep when it came night," added my friend, hurriedly.

"Exactly."

There was a pause in our conversation at this point. Cars passed back and forth in the street. Women shoppers brushed lightly against us—women who were on their way to buy fringe for lampshades, women who were on their way to buy printed silk, women who

were on their way to buy the hooks that hold the rods that hold the curtains. Suddenly my friend addressed me.

"Now *you* tell *me* where *you're* going!" he said, sharply.

"Ha, not on your life—you don't catch me that way," I cried. "I'm not telling you where I'm going."

"I suppose you're going fishing," said the man, smirking.

"Smirk again and I'll smack you," I said. "I always smack smirkers."

He smirked. I smacked him.

"Now ask me where I'm going!" I said, holding him by the arm.

"I bet I can guess where you're going. I bet you're a writer, on his way to write something. I know your type. You're going to write a story about 'complexity'—about meeting a man in East Thirty-fourth Street who was on his way to the Crowbar Building in Pershing Square named after General Pershing in the Grand Central zone, zone as in Zonite, because

*PORTRAIT of a nation of one hundred million gropers saying, each in his own untutored way, "Whither, whither?" It is clear that they have not read the present volume, wherein confusion is made extremely easy. This is a damning indictment of America before the publishing of our Symposium, for these men are citizens, and many have actually made fortunes without knowing what they were doing. So far as the future is concerned, they have been living from hand to mouth. If our survey but reaches the hearts and homes of this lost hundred million, we shall feel that we have done enough.*

he forgot to tell Miss Cortwright to leave a note for Mr. Josefson to tell the engraver to vignette the halftone . . ."

"Don't repeat it," I said, breaking down. "That's exactly where I'm going."

". . . so a person like Miss Cortwright will have something to read, and not understand, when she isn't busy with dictation," he said, finishing up.

"That's it."

"And all you want is a decent meal when it comes mealtime, isn't it?" asked my friend.

"And a warm place to sleep when it comes night," I added quickly, almost eagerly.

"Sure, I know," he said. "Well, *vale!*"

"*Vale,* kid!" I replied. And we continued on our lonely and imponderable ways.

E. B. White

## QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS

Where was Mr. White going?
Why was he so very fresh about it?

What does the quo-vadimus mood do to one's temper?

How many of your friends are going in a circle, like Mr. White?

Is this the gospel of service?

Do you think Mr. White loved the girl?

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

NOT YET thirty-one years of age, Mr. White became interested in complexity while holding a door open with his toe. In order to understand the man it is necessary to understand this incident. Mr. White was on his way home, carrying a suitcase and a bundle and leading a Scottish terrier on a leash. As he entered the vestibule of his apartment house and began to unlock his mailbox, another tenant of the building came out of the inner door. Thinking to save himself some trouble, Mr. White thrust a toe in the door so it wouldn't latch itself. This placed him immediately in an uncomfortable and unnatural position, because the mailbox was far enough away from the door so that it was difficult to operate when one's toe was in the door. The awkwardness of Mr. White's position was accentuated by the actions of the Scottish terrier (a female), who observed that the door was open a

crack and attempted to work her way through. The steady pull on the leash, the dead-weight of the bundle cramped under his arm (the bundle contained a picture frame and some old chair casters), the painful position of his outstretched leg, all served to bring home to him the ridiculous complexity of his life; and the full realization of his plight came when he finally did get the letter box open and found that it contained a letter from a nearby garage written by a sales-letter agency, informing him that the garage stood on ground that a hundred and fifty years ago was a Dutchman's farmyard.

A further incentive to his study of complexity is his relationship, formed some years ago, with The New Yorker magazine, where the curious arrangement and functioning of the editorial department proved from the beginning sufficiently complex to make it possible for a person of Mr. White's character to spend his entire day doing things not one of which was pertinent to anything else—*Ed.*

## ENO : *or the Future of the Vine*

*"Things are either moving forward or moving backward."*—Henry Ford.

**Today**, as we peer into the future, and measure our achievements by the past, we are filled with anxiety for the future. In the eras of progress that unfold before our eyes we perceive the hoary worship of Bacchus, and the ancient rites of King Ale, to languish and die upon the parched deserts of the new America. As things stand now with us there are only two possibilities: a great many men and women, *more than ever before*, will consume vast quantities of fiery Gin, but without grace, without wit, without jolliment; at the same time a great number of men and women, *greater than ever before*, will cease to

drink utterly, eating arid repasts, pursuing their lovemaking in a sobriety which is not blessed by wine, and enduring their births and funerals alike without ceremonial libations.[1] Other days, other ways! Shall our potations be no longer as they were? We foresee in the future the rapid spread both of voluminous, bad, sodden guzzling and of absolute non-drinking, or Total Abstinence. We shall have lost the art of drinking as we have lost the sense of wonder. . . .

When we examine carefully, though without the least dogmatism, developments of recent centuries, we must conclude that the two horns of our dilemma are composed of Volstead and Freud. The wrong people have gone

[1] How many noble traditions have vanished for us! H. Peeke in his rare and curious Ebrietatis Americana tells us how the old Dutch families in New York, such as the Van Rensselaers and the Livingstons, would dispense grog, Schnapps and port, in the most liberal portions to hundreds of mourners; that the doleful tippling sometimes continued for two days or more, until much furniture was broken, and even heads. The well-to-do burgher of other days always set aside a sizable quantity of rum, in making his funeral arrangements, that expected hosts of mourners might be heartened.

into drinking, all at once; and the right people, the people who would be full of charm and intellectual curiosity, or who used to love Virgil, these no longer find escape or nepenthe in the flowing bowl of punch, but instead indulge in the most sinister and cursed sexual excesses.

What, then, has Volstead done? Is it not as plain as the nose on the face that he has given free reign to the belly-god; that he has unloosed all the swinish children of Heliogabalus? Millions of barbarous, carousing brutes have arisen all over the land under the stimulus of Volsteadism, and with them the subserving hordes of smugglers, thimble-riggers, Dick Turpins, madames, harlots, gold-diggers and Fallen Women. These new unwelcome devotees to Bacchus are as veritable children of darkness, having no memory of leisurely draughts in tranquil haunts, or of long-lived ports or the grand clarets of Bordeaux. Their "blue ruin" is the chemical fuel which poisons or corrodes away the grime of machines; it is as soporific for the bowels of men as for an old

*THIS unmanly brute is not weeping because his father is drinking himself to sleep in the adjoining bar. He is weeping because the bar is really not there at all. The bar, which seems so apparent to the reader, is but a memory in this man's mind—a memory of the day when one drank to get drunk, not to get his girl friend drunk. A straight-shooting, pre-Freudian sort of fellow, he understands that the passage of the old corner saloon imperils the sound stag morality upon which this country is founded.*

typewriter or a Ford. This liquor of the Machine Age charms the idle, the desperate, and the crafty of both sexes and makes the starving sot behold his rags and nakedness with stupid indolence or barter away both in senseless laughter. It is as a fiery Lake that sets the brain in flames, burns up the entrails and scorches every part within; and at the same time a Lethe of oblivion, in which the wretch immersed drowns his most pinching cares and with his reason all anxious reflection on children that cry for food, hard winters, frost and horrid, empty hours. And I am minded again of the truthful old rhymes:

Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop
When your day's work was done.

*Chorus:*—

Hear the sweet voice of the child
Which the night winds repeat as they roam!

O who could resist this most plaintive of prayers?
Please father, dear father, come home!

*The Temperance Ball*

From such scenes of crapulence and stupefaction we turn with rising disgust. There is something that galls us in all this; there is something missing. Is it the art of drinking? We feel lost and alone among these new cohorts, so many tyros who are unqualified for their bibulous careers, and who have been submitted nowhere and at no time to the softening process of education and tradition.

Nor are there cheery friends with whom one may sit down to partake of a clay pipe and some mulled wine or musty ale in a dim tavern. Life and purse alike are now absolutely exposed in the places of refreshment to which we must repair today. A friend has related to me the details of a well-nigh tragic night of misadventure along the byways of our latter-day night-clubs; their repetition here may serve as a warning to the general reader who

may be tempted to visit such dens of ill-repute.

Having turned some tidy business-profits that week, my friend G. had gone with some comrades to the King Dodo Club on —th. Street, in order to while away the evening by driving away dull care. He and his two boon companions had also visited in succession the High-Hat Club, the High-Kickers' Club and the Hi-Jacks Club. But in bowing and scraping their way out of this last hostelry (the Hi-Jacks), his two merry friends had left him—admittedly to devote the remainder of the night to Eros, since they were soon to be divorced —while he, with many apologies, felt that it would be the wisest course to continue to the Stone-Wall Club where he might wet his whistle a little. Here, at the bar, an amiable blonde had permitted him to buy her a drink, and thus incidentally to make approaches to her and make her acquaintance without an introduction. That lady, in fact, had been seized of such a strong sympathy for him that she had ended by asking him to accompany

her to the Hot-Pepper Club, where the drinks were much better. Taking a taxi that went West and to some extent down-town, they had stopped at last before a dark tenement, passed through a hallway, up three flights of stairs, entered through a steel door into the adjoining house and thus arrived at the Hot-Pepper. Here my friend's companion left him—for a moment, but in fact she was never seen again thereafter. Behind him the great steel door leading to the bar-room had been locked and bolted, and as he stood at the dispensing counter, he noted with dismay that the mirror in front of him was entirely obscured by a frosting of soap, so that it gave no reflection of what went on behind his back. What must have been his emotions when he now knew himself surrounded by rough, ill-looking men, some six or seven of them? When one of their number now approached and nudged his ribs with a hard, protruding object, he felt his heart fail and could have committed his soul to his maker on the spot.

"Let's have a drink all round," said the stranger. All those present applauded the proposal.

"Sure," said my friend in a strange voice, "let's have a drink all round, *on me*."

When this had been quickly consumed he proffered a bill to the bartender, who replied:

"That will be sixty-five dollars!"

Meekly my friend paid, while inwardly cursing his folly which had led him to such extremities.

Then the leader of the bullies cried: "Let's have another round!"

This process was repeated four or five times more, when my friend, being wretchedly stripped of all his money, some three hundred dollars, suffered himself to be bound, blindfolded and conducted by his malefactors through divers doors, rooms, up flights of stairs, across roofs, through cellars, over backyard fences, and at length out through a corridor, where he was abandoned, as later ap-

peared, in the proximity of Ninth Avenue and Thirty-first Street.

## 2.

For over two centuries, since merry Englishmen under the reign of Queen Anne discovered Gin, men have been wont to "seek release" through drinking, from the passions that smoldered in them, and from all those baffling griefs and snares of the world. This universal resource was a safety-valve for the pent-up fury of numberless souls. It preserved social morals; it left the family structure unaltered; it made churches prosperous. Our Victorian fathers, indeed, used to turn their eyes away from temptation in the form of so many flounces or bangles, and hold to the safe course of their tall quiet potations. Even among my former friends I recall one who would drink throughout the week-end, because he dreaded Monday morning and dreaded his wife even more. I would find him lying in the gutter on Monday, face down, weeping and trembling.

"Get up and go to work, you swine!" I would exclaim.

"I don't want to work. I don't want to see my wife. Let me alone."

But of course on Tuesday he would accept a beating from his wife and proceed quietly to work. So that what he had done, in effect, was to turn Tuesday into Monday.

Now all such amiable subterfuges are done for. A drastic change of front has come about in the hearts of our young men and college-girls. They no longer seek to escape; they no longer escape from anything! In an age which represses no slightest passing whim, which conceals no secret desires, but instead *liberates the libido*, the ways of drinking are doomed.

Freudism and alcohol cannot co-exist in the same world. There is no agreement possible between them. It becomes plain every day how among the more adventurous legions of the poets, political cartoonists, college-instructors, humorists, psychiatrists and their patients, an increasingly smaller place is left for

the worship of either Bacchus or the goat-god, Gambrinus. Wine is now frankly deprecated in these quarters, and beer is coolly passed over. Those classes which once recruited the most joyous votaries of inabstinence now turn away, alas, to the forbidden pleasures of the boudoir and the rumble-seat; while an infernal rabble who erstwhile went soberly about their lowly tasks have been spurred by legal decree to soak up the poisons which are everywhere unlawfully vended.

I have the example before me of a young lady of the most virtuous character, the daughter of an Episcopalian minister. She had formerly shown an extraordinary capacity for steady tranquil drinking; and I had prized her acquaintance greatly. Yet one day—so extensive and swift is the spread of current cults and fashions of thought—she had fallen under the sway of a Behaviorist-Psychoanalyst, who had probed, pounded, and analyzed her at great length and for an especially small fee.

"What you need," he had said bluntly, for this is their manner of speech, "is to be *successfully seduced.* At your present stage of moderately advanced alcoholism, your reactions are sluggish, your emotivity is low. If I may say so, your habitual intemperance renders you *impuissante.* You must abstain totally."

—"And I have been strangely happy ever since," she confided shyly. "I love sports, athleticism of every sort, and moon-light driving, especially in old cars that vibrate. . . ."

The same insidious motives, as I found to my consternation, were being instilled in the minds of many thousands of college girls, whom I interviewed at Smith, Mount Holyoke and Barnard. They were all given over to a degraded materialism; and in the name of efficiency, and economy as well, I dare say, denounced alcohol as "old-fashioned" or "obsolescent." Such were the results of my questionnaire, which included the following queries:

1) How many quarts of wine, beer or gin do you use per day?
2) Do you eat rare beef?
3) Do you believe in Psychoanalysis?
4) Smoke?
5) Date of Revocation of the Edict of Nantes?
6) Have you ever gone for long walks with Behaviorists?
7) When do one and one make cant?
8) From what sonnet is the line: "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling"?

"The Younger Generation no longer cares to drink," the majority replied. "We regard you older people with faintly concealed amusement. Besides we are too busy; and hang-overs do not accord with good archery."

Such symptoms, widely remarked, leave us no longer in the dark as to the dangers which menace the race with the general break-down of restraint, decency and inebriation. Where there is no pudency, there is no need for

Release. And where there is no need for Release there is no need for the juice of the vine. We are at the mercy of weird cults and weirder follies which must end by shaking and destroying the very foundations of family life. The new cults bring ruin to young lives or work the most uncanny effects upon character. I am minded again of that identical friend of mine who once dreaded Monday morning so fearfully. He, in turn, was taken up for experiment by M. Popoff of the Popoff School of Dancing and Self-Expansion. He was taught to walk on his hands, to clap his feet together six or eight times in a leap; he was ordered to push a wheelbarrow of dung up and down a street every morning, so as to "triumph" over himself and conquer his "inferiority complex."

The changes produced by these methods were simply unnatural. My friend bested his large wife in a wrestling match, threw her downstairs, and deserted both her and his two children. He now wears a boutonniere, has grown a beard and moved to the East Side. He

awakes early in the morning, throws open his window, and cries in a loud cheerful voice: "Tit-Willow! Tit-Willow!" to an Acre of Gardens.

## 3.

But all our speculations lead us to the fundamental question: do men drink in order to live, or do they live in order to drink? Whatever our personal preferences may be, whatever our hearts may tell us to believe, the verdict of history has clearly been that men live in order to drink rather than otherwise. There is no instance since the dawn of time (such as the present), when any considerable group of the population refused the uses of wine. Among the ancient Nordic gods in the halls of Valhalla, which had 540 doors, the spirits of dead warriors sat and drank, with Wotan, endless schooners of beer, which were brought to them by the Valkyries and furnished by the never-failing udders of the goat, Heidrun.

Here their labors and their combats were at an end, and no man need ever leave the table. By the time of Classical Greece, the Symposium first sprang into general usage, with its music, dance, vomitorium and conversation presided over by the Symposiarch or toastmaster. The effects of the repast, the music, the wit and the whirling bacchantes were so skillfully mingled as to produce in the members a state of exalted innocence, so that after a time none knew distinctly whether it was the fowl or the paradoxes that transfigured him. And as for the American Colonists, our fathers, who came to these barren shores, centuries ago, they had a horror of drinking the local waters, imputing the death of many of their number to such idle practice. Indeed, all the testimony of the past relates to us how men have been born, lived, suffered, and procreated in order to drink. For this reason nothing could be more pernicious or subversive than the current propaganda which would set procreation above imbibing. Such shocking creeds must

be sternly combated and rooted out before they have worked greater mischief yet.

Today Freud stands as the arch enemy of Bacchus, and we must recognize this truth in order to deal with the contingencies of the future.

We must now turn upon that other thorny issue of the times: Volsteadism. There has been much grief concerning prohibition, which has been widely reported to be a menace. One noisy faction even advocates trimming the sails of the prohibitors. Amid the confusion of claims and counter-claims it seems obvious to us, after all, that in order to preserve the future we must evolve a superior kind of prohibition. We must reduce the quantity of drinkers and improve their quality.

In years to come the Government will be obliged to institute tests to determine the fitness of individuals to enlist in the crack regiments of rum. The inept, the weak, the lame, the tongue-tied will be weeded out by examinations for deafness (this is very irritating);

for glands; by psychology tests for memory; by "Yes-or-No" laundry lists; by the aviation test. The last is thoroughly efficacious when all else has failed to reveal incompetence. The patient is locked in the revolving chair, which is then whirled around at eighty revolutions to the minute in an anti-clockwise direction; then he is stopped suddenly, tilted back at an angle of thirty degrees and whirled at the same speed in a clock-wise direction while rising and dropping all the while through air pockets. At the end of four minutes the chair is stopped and the patient unstrapped. He must then bolt up and run in a straight line through the doctor's office and out to the subway.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

## QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS

Name the ingredients of a benzine cocktail.
Give a brief, clear description of the face on the bar-room floor.
When is "Sweet Adeline" hour?
Who was Dr. Wharton, and what did he want?

Contrast family life under Annheuser-Busch and family life under Freud.

Discuss the quarter-note as sung by the old-style whiskey tenor.

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It is not as a drinker, but as a moralist, that Mr. Josephson has always composed his tracts in defense of drunkenness. Indeed, he was not even a bottle baby. Mr. Ezra Pound, it will be recalled, can't like Antheil's music with a good conscience unless he can persuade all of America's baseball fans to like Antheil's music. But we must not get the idea that it is the same with Mr. Josephson, and that Mr. Josephson wants all America to have bulbous noses simply because of his personal weakness for the corner saloon. But Mr. Josephson discovered the useful formula that when people are dead drunk they simply can't be anything else. And thus he realized what a great contribution drunkenness has been to virtue. Vice requires skill, planning, *savoir-faire*—all of which are alien to a good bun-on. Whereas psychoanalysis, which Josephson has, almost with the poet's vision, discovered as the opposite of alcoholism, is nothing if not skill, planning, and *savoir-faire*. "Drinking

alone," he has cried before slipping grandly under the table, "drinking alone," and it was obvious to anyone present that he meant it, "drinking alone can save us from psychoanalysis." This is his contribution. One other major fact should be recorded about Mr. Josephson's personal life, in addition to the important chapter on drink. For years he has been a close friend of the historian and lounge lizard, Joseph Gould.

In personal appearance Mr. Gould is striking. Should he be coming around a corner, the first harbinger of his approach is a prodigiously long cigarette holder which heaves into view like the bowsprit of a large schooner. If times are propitious, a cigarette emitting clouds of smoke wobbles loosely at the end of it. Immediately following the bowsprit, there appears a small sharp nose, or prow, on which a pair of bent wire spectacles rests askew. This in turn is followed by a sparse and goatish beard, a scraggly mustache, two singularly bright eyes and finally an entire head crowned by an absurdly small pill-box hat. Immediately beneath the head, in fact its only visible means of support, one observes a long flopping overcoat which presumably harbors within it some sort of vigorous little body which can—and with amazing rapidity

—propel the aforesaid overcoat through traffic and around corners. Attached to the frayed extremity of the right sleeve a small parched hand clutches a number of grimy notebooks containing his omnivorous history of the contemporary world. . . . At present Mr. Gould is employed as a book reviewer by a metropolitan daily.—*Ed.*

## ŒDIPUS: *or the Future of Love*

The world is in a pretty bad way, as all my colleagues have pointed out. What with incest, impotence, Bolshevism, the liquor problem, the tariff, frigidity in women and the crisis in culture, the world is rapidly moving to destruction. But the world can still be saved by Love.

It can also be saved by the sex-urge and by the libido. All of these words refer to the same thing, and it is a very important thing, too, as we learn by reading the experts on the subject. "It," says Dr. Joseph Tenenbaum, referring to Love, the sex-urge or the libido, and also, no doubt, to the quality so superabundantly possessed by Clara Bow—"It," he says in his compelling way before launching into a sermon

more eloquent than the best of Aimee Semple McPherson—"It has enriched life with the beautiful and magnificent canvas of budding love. It has given shape and contour to the body and impetus to the soul."—"It," says Mitzi, who appeared last season in a revival of *Sari*, "gives my skin a fresh smoothness. I am really enthusiastic about it."—"It always leaves the skin so soft and velvety," says a bright newcomer to Broadway. "So gentle and soothing. I wouldn't for anything be without it."—"I can't feel it, and it lasts so long."

"It," Dr. Tenenbaum himself continues—and his position as a leading sexological writer lends weight to his words—"has put strength and horror in the roar of the lion and infinite sweetness in the prattle of the baby. It has imprinted furrows on the brow of the sage laden with mighty thoughts and sown seeds in the furrow of the earth made pregnant with man's toil and sweat. In the Beginning there was Love; the eternal love impulse seeking ever new forms of incarnation. And in the

End there will be Love; the serene, the immaculate, the sinless, the spotless Love; Matter and Spirit blended together in seraphic harmony."—"I'm delighted with it," says Linda Watkins, the young and ingenuous and altogether appealing heroine of *June Moon.*

In the face of all this testimony, we cannot but agree that Love is capable of saving the world, which, as I have said, is in a bad way and rapidly getting worse. But Love itself is also in a pretty bad way. Here again we can turn to the sexpert testimony of the exologists —or rather to the exological testimony of the sexperts—and discover what? Simply that "tantrums, tears, temper, emotional infantilism; sexual squeamishness, erotic frigidity, narcissistic self-adoration, unconscious homosexuality; sadism, masochism, exhibitionism; egocentric callousness, æsthetic insensitivity, emotional color-blindness; perversions, ranging from curiosity-haunted playfulness to pathological fixation"—that all these and more are "the familiar facts of marriage and

family life." Well, every husband has at one time suspected as much. But can we escape these perversions, obsessions and infantilisms merely by not getting married? "No," says Dr. Samuel D. Schmalhausen, another leading sexologist and the patient compiler of the foregoing list; everybody suffers from the pretty-bad-wayness of love in 1930. "Males and females, old and young, married and unmarried and unmarriageable, honorable and quasi-honorable and dishonorable, have all become mixed up, with a guilty innocence, in an aboriginal protoplasmic mess of desire, as in the darkest dawn of life when the first sperm looked with incest-laden eyes on the first shameless ovum."

But is there no way out? Is there no middle path by which we can avoid being the simultaneous victims of erotic frigidity and aboriginal protoplasmic desire? Is there no method by which we can cure the pretty-bad-wayness of Love, thus simultaneously curing the pretty-bad-wayness of the world? Well, as a matter of

fact there are several such ways, paths and methods, but all of them are furnished by a single science or religion—that is, by modern sexology, which combines in itself the outstanding advantages of the laboratory, the church and the International Correspondence Schools.

In the present brief essay, which deals particularly with the future of Love, I shall not make the mistake of attempting to write from my own experience. Instead I shall follow the practice of the most distinguished sexologists, and base my conclusions on the reports of men who have studied the reports of men who have studied a great many reports. Though modest in its pretensions, my essay will therefore embody the best type of psychosexual learning.

## 2.

The reforms proposed by leading sexologists, in their eagerness to end our present state of erotic bankruptcy and guide us toward

the brisk future of Love, are especially numerous in the field of education. By liberating the children of today from their repressions, compulsions, psychoses and neuroses, by giving their little libidos room to grow and kick and squirm, they are training the triumphant lovers of the future. But let me give a few concrete examples:

In the Hasenpfeffer-on-Hudson Experimental Kindergarten at Hasenpfeffer-on-Hudson, the happiest results have been obtained by substituting Floyd Dell's *Love in the Machine Age* for McGuffey's *First Reader*. A kind of shorter catechism based on Mr. Dell's ideas has been prepared for the benefit of the tots who are still unable to read. It is an inexpressible pleasure to hear them repeating in their fresh voices:

*Q.* What is our aim?

*A.* To follow the higher mammalian mating pattern.

*Q.* And why should we follow the higher mammalian mating pattern?

*A.* In order to achieve wholly adult lives

lived from almost wholly instinctive motives.

*Q.* And why should we achieve such wholly adult and almost wholly instinctive lives?

*A.* In order that we may all live happily ever after in heterosexual matehood.

These questions and answers are repeated *ad libido,* until the time comes for the lucky youngsters to swarm out to the playground and spin their tops and skip their ropes and talk with one another confidentially about the higher mammalian mating pattern.

In the Joy and Freedom School at Pelham Bay Park Manor Lodge-in-the-Bronx, the boys and girls are taught to read from *Lady Chatterley's Lover.* It has been found by experience that the little ones are quick to assimilate D. H. Lawrence's simple and monosyllabic vocabulary, in which they greatly delight. Often, indeed, they are so fond of these new words that they write them on the walls of the toilet—a practice in which they are encouraged by their wisely indulgent teachers, who are careful, however, to dot the i's and cross the t's. On

the other hand, the directors of the Joy and Freedom School make every effort to keep the children from learning such words as chastity, virtue or purity, which might put impure thoughts into their minds.

An even more interesting experiment in education has lately been proposed by Hyman L. Jones and Imogene Smeet. It is based on a fundamental doctrine of the new sexology—namely, that everything goes by opposites. Thus, men of the Don Juan type are really homosexual, as is proved by the way they run after women. Messalinas, so-called, are the blameless victims of their frigidity. Philanthropists, says Dr. Fritz Wittels, a very distinguished pupil of Freud, are suffering from a sublimated form of sadism. People are cleanly because they love dirt, masculine because they are feminine, feminine because they are neuter, and neuter because their mothers dreamed of snakes, trees, the Washington Monument or fried herrings. Now, the Jones-Smeet System consists in applying this knowl-

*THIS is no old-fashioned father spanking his child merely out of displeasure with the young scion's untoward habits. The child, in fact, has done nothing naughty at all, and the father (a father of the future!) is punishing him solely because this is Punishment Hour on the child's schedule. As a matter of fact, it hurts the father more than it does the child. But the father has the good of his son in mind. He wants his son to become a philanthropist. And he knows that by punishing his child at appropriate intervals, he will make the child very resentful. The child, as he grows up, will try to stifle this resentment; for instance, every time he wants to kick the cat, remembering his own misfortunes he will stroke it instead. Later he will act in the same way towards all mankind, thus sublimating into kindness his murderous feelings as he lies so snugly upon his author's knee. It is simple enough already, but will seem still simpler when the Whitherist is better acquainted with his subject—and it is the explanation of the hearts radiating from the inverted child's raw bottom.*

edge gained from the battlefield of love in the arena of education. To give a very simple example, the little boys who pull cats' tails will no longer be whipped. Instead they will be cheered on to other ventures—tying tin cans to puppy dogs, sticking pins in their baby brothers, daubing their mothers' evening gowns with their sisters' best rouge and exploding giant firecrackers under their fathers' chairs. Other children will be encouraged to imitate them; and thus, by developing millions of little sadists under the Jones-Smeet System, we shall develop millions of aged philanthropists. Poverty and Bolshevism will be abolished in the next generation.

But what of the little boys who cannot sublimate their sadic impulses? What of the adolescents who still delight in the infliction of pain on their parents, their teachers, their schoolmates? Under the Jones-Smeet System, they too will have their useful place. They will be taught the history of Tiberius, Nero, Genghis Khan, Ivan the Terrible and the

Spanish Inquisition; they will be encouraged to improve on ancient cruelties by the methods of modern science; and then, when they grow up, they can all be dentists. Think of the new drills, the pulp extractors, the chisels, saws and dental hammers which their sadic impulses will enable four out of five of them to contribute to a world society eager for progress!

The same general procedure can be followed with other childish perversions. Fortunately for the success of the Jones-Smeet System, the list of these is extensive, as we learn by turning once more to Dr. Schmalhausen, the greatest of the sexological list-compilers. In a paragraph devoted to the joys of childhood (see *Sex in Civilization*) he mentions the following perversions, from which he doubts that any civilized home is free:

Obsessive auto-erotism
Mutual masturbation (sometimes allied with homo-erotic curiosity)
Overt homosexuality

Oral-erotic and more frequently anal-erotic experimentings
Voyeurism and exhibitionism (with a sense of guilt and shame)
Heterosexual games (playing mamma and papa)
Sadistic sexual fantasies (the "rape" complex in girls at puberty)
Masochistic moral moods
Religious anxieties of a compulsive nature, etc., etc.

Now, in this rich store of perversions, the sexologists have discovered an unparalleled opportunity for improving the world. Take voyeurism, or peeping, for example. Little boys who peep through windows at little girls can be taught to peep through keyholes. Having acquired this simple accomplishment—which fits them for domestic service—they can easily learn to peep through microscopes and thus become the bacteriologists of the future. Or to peep through telescopes and discover

new planets. Or to peep through opera glasses and join the Theatre Guild. Exhibitionists, on the other hand, if recognized and trained at an early age, will provide a bountiful supply of actors, poets, Rear Admiral Byrds and sex-book writers—or, by the principle of opposites, they will furnish us with the modest, retiring people necessary as a background for actors, poets and heroes of the microphone. It is true that the children who insist on playing heterosexual games (Papa and Mamma, Post Office and the like), present a more difficult problem, but it is not insoluble. After all, they can end by getting married and giving birth to the perverted children who will become the philanthropists, dentists, astronomers and husbands of the future.

Such is the general theory on which Hyman L. Jones and Imogene Smeet are about to base a radical departure in education. The Behaviorists, however, are unwilling to accept the Jones-Smeet System, on the ground that it comes too late in the life of the child. Proper

training for Love should, they believe, begin at the age of one day, and sooner if possible. Some orthodox Freudians go still further. They believe that such training should begin in the womb of the first monkey, and they have lately dispatched an expedition to the Gobi Desert to find this fossilized womb and train it properly.

Personally I favor all these suggestions for reforming Love through education. I also favor the many non-educational methods which have been proposed from time to time. I favor absolute promiscuity for adolescent boys and girls, as recommended by the scientists who have studied this custom among the Western Samoans, the Trobriand Islanders and the head hunters of New Guinea, where they find that it has largely contributed to the high state of civilization now existing among these peoples. I favor the achievement of freedom for adults by compulsory psychoanalysis. I favor, with Dr. Schmalhausen, the total abolition of the family. I favor group motherhood and eugenic

babies. I favor extra-marital experiences for grandmothers. I favor polygamy, polygyny, polyandry, exogamy, endogamy, monogamy, cryptogamy, trial marriage and miscegenation. My only criticism of these experimental ways, paths or methods of Love is that they do not go far enough. I therefore wish to advance two simple suggestions of my own.

The first is that, by the methods of ultra-modern science, all men should be changed into women and vice versa. This would remove the dangerous antagonism now existing between or among the sexes—for how could a man-woman feel any hatred for a woman-man? Moreover, the recondite researches at Cambridge of Darwin and Huxley *et al.* . . . have incontrovertibly shown . . . that women make the best businessmen and that, conversely, men make the most efficient mothers. My second suggestion is even simpler. It is that absolute birth control be instituted immediately. If this were practised throughout the world for three or four generations, many of the ills from

which society has suffered in the past would be well on their way to being cured.

3.

But let us pause to consider what Love will be—and society in general—when all these reforms have been boldly instituted. What about child-bearing in the new age? What about courtship? What about the pretty-bad-wayness of the world? Well, let us attempt to answer these questions in order, beginning with the first, following with the second, and ending with the last.

First, the children of the future will no longer be conceived by the methods unthinkingly adopted by our parents. Children will be had at special pharmacies out of glass vials—tied with blue ribbons for boys, tied with pink ribbons for girls, and tied with variegated ribbons to indicate all the new sexes that we may confidently expect to see developed by the intensive application of modern laboratory

methods. Life will thus be greatly simplified. And think of the relief to bashful parents who hesitate to reveal the biological facts to their children! Little boys and girls will no longer have to be told that the doctor brought them or that the stork dropped them down the chimney. They will know darned well that they came from the corner drug store.

Second, there is the question of courtship in the future. We may confidently predict that the mating pattern will be changed by the application of scientific Behaviorism. The post-adolescent male will have learned to condition away the fear reflexes which inhibit hugs and kisses. By producing a box of candy at every visit, he will offer a stimulus certain to produce a favorable response to himself. By taking his girl to the movies (if he can't make love at home), he will behavioristically surround himself with an atmosphere propitious to the development of heterosexual affection. By gifts of jewelry and flowers, he will condition the sweetheart to a belief in his own prosperity.

*ONE of the possible methods of reviving the stork ceremony of birth in the future. A child is produced by laboratory methods, thus avoiding the present system of procreation which is disagreeable to some people and which can henceforth be reserved purely for purposes of debauchery. The infant is placed in swaddling clothes, attached to the beak of a mechanical stork. The expectant mother, who is trained from early girlhood for this serious task, is then given a large butterfly net, and at a signal from the head obstetrician the bird is released, to soar eagerly in swift mechanical flight. The young mother leaps forward, captures the stork with its precious burden, and an heir is born.*

He will, in other words, exhibit a vast improvement over the present rudimentary technique [1] of matehood-seeking males.

[1] The word "technique" reminds me that I have violated the technique of the sexologists by writing about Love without giving any case histories. Let me therefore repair this oversight by mentioning two examples of psychotherapy from my own extensive practice. The first is that of Osbert Z——, Jr., a heavy drinker who came to me complaining that he dreamt of snakes. Black snakes, green snakes, pink snakes, pink-and-green snakes—the last particularly irritating to his color sense—literally infested the house, to say nothing of hoop snakes, parlor snakes and puff adders. On one occasion the bridge lamp was transformed into a huge boa constrictor, from which he escaped only by jumping out of the window—for, as he said in his quaint way, "The old bean was still working."

Shortly after being released from the hospital where his broken leg had mended, he came to me for treatment. He had fortunately been drinking, so that his subconscious was quickly revealed. I discovered that his trouble was due to a traumatic experience, the fault of his father, Osbert Z——, Sr., who, when Osbert Z——, Jr., was six years old, had said to him, "Don't be a little monkey." Monkeys are notoriously afraid of snakes. As a result of this explanation, I not only cured him of his snake delusions, but of alcoholism as well, for after one look at me he promised never to take another drink.

Another interesting case history is that of a girl with a hand-and-face-washing complex. She would wash on rising, wash after breakfast, wash before and after lunch, wash three times in the afternoon. At dinner she would leave the table after each course to wash her hands and face, and at bedtime she would do it again and again. Nor was this all: after washing her hands and face, she would each time wash the washrag, wash the soap, wash the wash-basin, and end by sterilizing the water. All her

And when the moment comes to pop the question, he will not be so foolish as to say, "Will you marry me?" That would smack of the old Victorian repressions—and besides, marriage will long since have been abolished. Instead the lover (hereinafter to be known as "the Response") will exclaim to the sweetheart (hereinafter to be known as "the Stimulus"):

"My IQ is satisfactory, my blood count satisfactory, my basic metabolism satisfactory, my male hormones present in satisfactory quantities. My instincts are wholly mature, my thyroid and pituitary glands properly adjusted, and I am capable of following the higher mammalian mating pattern. Will you live with me happily ever after in heterosexual matehood?"

"Let's synthesize!" the Stimulus will reply,

friends and relatives were irritated by this mania of hers. I discovered that it was the result of a subconscious memory, that of playing with mud pies when her mother had told her not to, and by this explanation I effected a complete cure. . . . *This girl was Helen Westley!*

*THE eternal triangle is not always husband, wife, and lover. It is sometimes, as we learn from the more prosperous psychologists, husband, wife, and child—or, to bring the matter nearer home, husband, wife, and Pomeranian. This is but one of the problems which will be solved by a careful reading of the present Symposium, this last Symposium, this Symposium to end Symposia.*

as hand in hand these twain go marching into the heterosexual dawn.

Every day will then be Sunday for the happy lovers. Every day will be Sunday for almost everybody. The world will have been made safe for the universal libido. Impotence, frigidity in women, Bolshevism, crime, masturbation, unemployment, athlete's foot and manic-depressive insanity, all will have been cured by the new sexology. Everyone will be normal—perfectly, unquestionably, altogether normal. Everyone will be a lover. "The libidinous natures of men and women," says Dr. Schmalhausen, who knows so much about them, "for so long cramped and mutilated and sorely wounded within the straitjacketing confines of family life, will break beautifully and abundantly into acts of social compassion and humanistic love." Men and women will love one another. Boys and girls will love one another. Cats and dogs will love one another. Freud, Jung, Wittels and Watson will love one another. The lion will lie down with the

lioness on one side and the ewe-lamb on the other. Nation will yearn after nation, and there will be a great outpouring of French love into Germany, of German love into France, of British love into America, of American love into those Caribbean countries that lie panting for our embrace. Through a limitless forest of skyscrapers, each of them dedicated to heterosexual ecstasy, men and women garbed in white will march in long processions chanting, "Love! Love! Love! Love!" For—I quote Dr. Tenenbaum once more—"in the beginning there was Love; the eternal love impulse seeking ever new forms of incarnation. And in the End there will be Love! the serene, the immaculate, the sinless, the spotless Love; Matter and Spirit blended together in seraphic harmony. The day will come and Adam will triumphantly reënter Paradise lost, chastened, experienced and knowing; a Man worthy of the gods and a God among men."

MALCOLM COWLEY

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"The Sex Boys in Bed," by Malcolm Cowley.
"Sex in Civilization," edited by V. F. Calverton and Samuel D. Schmalhausen.

I must also express my gratitude to Stekel, Wittels, Glueck, Tenenbaum, A. Forel, H. Ellis, Peggy Joyce, B. Russell, J. Abercrombie, Fitch, Von Lengerke, Detmold, Bausch, Lomb, Zeiss, Worth, Paquin, Briffault, Coty, John B. Watson, A. G. Spalding & Brothers, Haig, Haig and others.

## QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS

What is meant by the expression "a sexual mind"? Are you glad that you don't have one? Tell why.

Should a man distrust his wife—or should he think she is safer than he is?

Describe some amusing sexual conceits.

Did Casanova or Lord Byron first say the sentence, "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes"?

Outline briefly the higher mammalian mating pattern, as developed by Dr. Dell.

Imagine that you are Response, and compose a declaration of love to Stimulus.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

Malcolm Cowley, known internationally as an authority on Love, has specialized in this subject since his earliest youth. At the age of seven he wrote his first brief essay on love. "Jimmie Schultz," he wrote in colored chalk on the wall of the schoolhouse at Belsano, Pa., where he was born, "loves Mabel Lansendorfer." The teacher in her tactless way give him a spanking, and Jimmie Schultz gave him a black eye to boot, but the stout little fellow persisted in recording his observations. "Teacher loves squeezing," he wrote the following morning, just before he was sent home.

After an exceptionally brilliant academic career at Blacklick Township High School, from which he graduated in 1908 almost at the head of a class of six, he set out for Vienna. There he studied under Freud, Stekel and Wittels, while at the same time performing some independent field work in prostitution and adultery which gained him a Continental reputation. From 1910 till 1912 he con-

tinued his education in Zurich under Jung and in Paris under Mata Hari. In 1909, in 1913, and twice in the early spring of 1914, he married Peggy Joyce. By this time he felt that his student days were over, and he was ready to seize the first opportunity for a more ambitious undertaking.

This opportunity was provided by the War. From the late summer of 1914 till November, 1918, while millions of men were wasting their time in the trenches, Cowley was performing the masterly researches that resulted in his three-volume work on "The Battle of Paris," later issued in Germany as *Betrachtungen ueber den Sadismus u. Masochismus in der Kriegszeit.* By this time his fame was world-wide. There was talk of creating for his sole benefit a Nobel Prize in Love. He was asked to accept the specially constructed chairs of Love which were simultaneously created at the universities of Paris, Bonn, Heidelberg, Stockholm, Kokomo and Yale. Cowley, however, had other ends in view.

In 1920, as the result of a hunting accident in England, his interest in his chosen subject had been rendered broader and more abstract. Instead of studying the present of Love, he was bent on predicting its future; but this, he felt, could only

be done by researches into its past—that is, by observing Love in its most primitive manifestations. Accordingly he set sail for New Guinea, where he spent nine years among the head hunters, living on a diet of shark fins and turtle eggs, observing the native love orgies, and meanwhile taking notes for the essay published in the present volume.

Cowley's next book, now under preparation, will be *A Monograph on Polygyny and Polyandry in the West Bronx.—Ed.*

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